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AMERICANS IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, May 14, 1899.

The annual musical sirocco has now really passed, and in Berlin's concert halls there are heard no other harmonious sounds but the swish and sweep of the cleaner's brush and broom.

London is now monopolizing the attention of Berlin's best artists, of whom Busoni, D'Albert, Witek and Petschikoff may be heard in the English capital.

Soon there will be nothing more exciting to report from here than the blessed pupils' concerts, several of which are already threatening for the coming week.

I thought that the accompanying portraits might be of especial interest to the readers of *MUSICAL AMERICA*.

This trio of young women are the most talented of all the Americans who have studied music in Berlin for the past decade.

They cannot rightly be called students, for they have all passed through the crucial test of public appearances in this exacting city, and have come out of the ordeal with flying colors.

In Berlin they are regarded as full-fledged artists, and their public work is judged entirely from that standpoint.

Leonora Jackson, born in the far West, but reared in Chicago, is probably the most familiar of the trio, for her recent triumphs in Paris, London, Cologne, Dessau, etc., have been fully chronicled in hundreds of American newspapers.

Through the liberality of George M. Pullman, Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Vanderbilt and other wealthy Americans, Mrs. Jackson was enabled to take her talented daughter to Berlin, where she was immediately accepted at the Royal Hochschule.

It was not long before Prof. Dr. Joachim discovered the extraordinary endowments of his pupil, and from that time forward he took personal charge of her studies.

Some three years ago, the young woman (then about sixteen years old) made her debut at the Singakademie,

prominent orchestral societies, with most of which she has since played, always achieving the same measure of success that marked her first Berlin appearance.

In manner Miss Jackson is modest almost to the point of reserve, though she can laugh very heartily, and is good

harmonization. It startled the Berlin critics perceptibly, and one of their number inadvertently echoed the general opinion when he dubbed it "impudent."

"Impudent" it is, but unquestionably of superior worth. Its very disdain of all harmonic and contrapuntal conventionalities, stamps it as the product of an unusually fertile imagination, fresh and courageous.

Miss Melville is a pianist of exceptional powers, her recital at the Singakademie, two seasons ago, earning her the most enthusiastic praise from even such captious critics as Tappert and Urban.

Miss Melville is extremely slight in figure, and looks almost incapable of such passionate outbursts as mark her playing of the last movement in her violin sonata, or of Brahms' work for piano, in the same form, opus 5.

Like Miss Jackson, the Misses Visanska and Melville are thoroughly absorbed in their work, and are absolutely without pose or conceit of any kind.

If you talk to them of talent, they smile and say: "Work is the thing."

And best of all—they are proud to be Americans.

RUNTIST.

THE AMERICAN HARVEST.

The American student has long been suffering with hysteric adulation of foreign institutions. The sterling advantages offered him in his own country dwindle with his insatiable craving for the pedagogy of Germany. Afflicted with an intense admiration for Europe, the fine possibilities of home-study remain hidden beyond his mental vision. Germany is yet his Mecca; and his own country is but a Nazareth of gloomy and despicable proportions.

At home the American student bestows on his art less time and energy than are required for the lowliest vocations; and because his progress is commensurate with his zeal and application, he unthinkingly condemns what he makes no serious effort to comprehend.

In Europe he is engrossed with but one ambition. His time, his thoughts, his energy and vitality—all are absorbed in feverish aspirations; and he wonders that this new life encourages new thoughts, new hopes and firmer



BERTHA VISANSKA.

company when her surroundings are sympathetic.

She is an indefatigable worker, and practises practically all day, assisted at the piano by her brother, Ernest, a splendid musician, who accompanies her at all her concerts.

Bertha Visanska was heard in New York at the orchestral concerts of the National Conservatory, but then she was merely a talented child-wonder, while now, under the careful guidance of Prof. Dr. Jedliczka, she has developed into a mature artist of exceptional technical and musical powers. Though but eighteen years old, she looks much younger; her rather short stature and unaffected ways aiding to produce this impression.

Her Berlin debut was made some two Winters ago, at an orchestral concert of her own, and the press and public immediately hailed her as one of the most important young pianists that had been heard here since the early appearances of Joseffy.

Little Miss Visanska has appeared in recitals since then, and at many of the Philharmonic "Pops," never failing to create a sensation.

Her playing is unlike that of most young girls, its absolute finish and astounding intellectual qualities seeming hardly possible in one so young. Precisely these qualities have made D'Albert one of her greatest admirers, and a firm believer in her artistic future.

Miss Visanska's repertoire is little short of astounding. She plays everything of importance that has ever been written for the piano—a feat which some of our "greatest" virtuosos cannot duplicate.

Of late she has begun to compose, and some of her piano pieces are decidedly interesting and original. Her "Romanza" for violin will surely become popular.

Miss Marguerite Melville's ambition does not lie in the direction of a virtuoso's career.

She belongs to that much-maligned class, female composers, and unless the predictions of publishers and critics fail entirely, she will some day be the medium of a glorious revenge by the petticoated writers of music, on that jealous, jeering creature, man.

Miss Melville has written chamber-music, songs, piano pieces, and a wondrously beautiful "Romanza" for violin, with piano accompaniment.

Poetry breathes from every measure of her music, and her inspirations are as tender as they are melodious.

I know no song more ethereal nor pure than her "Stille Wasserrose," and "Wehmuth" is a gray pastel, of infinite sentiment and pathos.

The sonata, for piano and violin, played in public by the composer, and Herbert Butler, the American violinist, is a most original work, bold in spirit, and most daring in



MARGUERITE MELVILLE.

resolution, and that knowledge and ability soon replace old-time incompetence.

The American student soon must realize that here, as well as in Europe, he can work out his own salvation in art. He must broaden the horizon of his observation. He must shake off the spell which withering laurels have woven on a past generation. On that soil which, some day, his talents will enrich, his hardest battles must be fought and won.—George Lehmann, in the "Etude."



LEONORA JACKSON.

playing a difficult programme of concertos and solos with phenomenal success. Joachim led the orchestra—a rare honor—and after the concert his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Turning to a distinguished critic, who had rushed behind the stage to congratulate Joachim on the performances of his pupil, the venerable violinist exclaimed: "That is how I played when I was sixteen."

Miss Jackson soon received offers from many of the

PATTI'S DÉBUT.

Her Own Account of Her First New York Appearance.

It was the night of November 16, 1857.

In New York, where my parents then resided, was a great, wide thoroughfare paved with cobblestones, and on the east side of this thoroughfare was a theatre known as Niblo's Garden.

The piece was "Una Voce," in which my father and mother were playing.

I was then a tiny girl of seven years, with a pale face and very, very black eyes, and next to singing, my favorite pastime was running down Broadway trundling a hoop.

One of the first memories I have, next to that connected with my hoop, is my standing behind the scenes and peering through a hole in the curtain while my father and mother went through their performance.

The singers as they came off the stage used to stoop down and give me toys and kisses, or fill my pockets with bon-bons.

It was a large theatre, and it seemed almost a little world of itself to me. The flies seemed dreadfully high, and the proscenium lights very, very bright; but of all the artists I thought none seemed to equal my mother.

Once, not long after my début, a great soprano, who had been starring for a few nights, had just finished a long aria, rounding off with a beautiful trill.

She had made her exit as the house rang with applause, when she stooped down and looked at poor little me.

"Oh, dear," I said, "how badly you trilled! 'Twasn't close enough. Just listen to me. I'll show you the way."

I had never been taught to "shake," yet it came to me quite naturally, and a great many people besides my parents praised it.

I still wonder what the famous soprano thought of me. An odd little creature, I'm sure.

But before I tell you what happened on that first night, I must tell you why I became a prima donna at such an early age—because I had been a prima donna of the nursery months and months before. When I had been put to bed on my return home with my father and mother from the opera, and I was quite certain that they and the rest of the household had gone to sleep, I used to hop out again and imagine myself even as great a personage as the famous soprano I have just mentioned.

Oftentimes now I can see myself in a room of that very modest brick tenement, dancing and singing, and dressed up in all the odd costumes I could put my hands on.

Death scenes were my weakness, and I do not mind admitting that "Norma" was my favorite.

When I had done something which I considered very fine, indeed, I cried out "Brava, Adelina!" and threw magnificent bouquets and wreaths down before my own bare little feet.

And then I would grow sleepy, palled with success, and so creep back to bed, leaving the bouquets and the wreaths in the middle of the floor.

Shall I tell you that these magnificent tokens were made of old newspapers?

Yes. I'm sure I was a very strange little girl.

We were all very oppressed and anxious in those days, and the prospects of making money were very bad. I was seven years old when the opera company of which my father and mother were members began to return so little money that I could no longer stand my father's troubled face.

I remember saying: "Don't sell your beautiful turquoise pin, papa. Let me help you; I can sing well enough, and I will be a little prima donna."

And I remember, too, my father's eyes filling with tears as he replied:

"No, little one, what you say is impossible."

But I had made up my mind, nevertheless. My mother had already given me lessons in music, and I had practised a little with her.

I gave them all no peace, until one day it was noised abroad that little Adelina, the daughter of Signor Patti, was to sing "Una Voce" and "La Sonnambula" at Niblo's Garden.

A prima donna of seven Summers! said everybody, and I am sure they must have laughed.

But it was no laughing matter to me or to my mother and father, although I was not a bit nervous or frightened, but, on the contrary, full of childish confidence.

I didn't care for much to eat that evening, but nobody paid any attention to my want of appetite.

I coaxed my mother, and she braided my hair and powdered my tiny brown face.

We burned candles in those days, and I can still see myself looking for many minutes into the mirror of my bedroom, with the heavy shadows behind me, before we set out for the theatre.

From time to time my father brought reports to us in our dressing-room of the appearance of the house. It was not a large audience.

At 7 o'clock the curtain went up, and I came on. I think everybody in the house must have applauded, for, besides having a great many friends there, it would have been hard of anybody not to have been interested in so young a cantatrice.

They told me afterward that from those first notes nobody had any doubt that I was a success and a born prima donna. Child as I was, I felt sure that le Bon Dieu was at my side.

When the curtain went down on "Una Voce" I saw a great number of men and women clapping and waving their hands, and crying "Brava, brava!" and even the gods in the gallery tried to whistle as loud as they could, and you must not forget that the gods were my personal friends. There are no street arabs like those of New York. They had long before nicknamed me "The Little Chinese Girl" because of my black eyes and yellowish features.

Then I remember my father catching me up in his arms

and kissing me, and my mother and all the members of the company petting me as if I had done something wonderful, indeed; but it was not more than I expected to do. But there was "Sonnambula" to come before the evening was finished, and they told me there were more people to hear "Sonnambula" than "Una Voce," because many of the audience had gone out and brought in chance acquaintances.

They told me that one man actually brought over no fewer than six friends from the New York Hotel, over the way, and what is more and better for us, he paid for them.

But I have told you enough; the world knows pretty well what has happened after that. But I have here told you the story of my first appearance.

MUSICAL BOSTON.

BOSTON, May 22, 1899.

The annual meeting of the Händel and Haydn Society took place last week and developed the fact that the deficit for the season is about \$2,500.

According to Mr. Dow, the secretary, the sum realized from the sale of season tickets amounts to only about one-fourth of the expenses incurred during the year, a good falling off being shown each season of late.

Mr. Dow also says that the society's name, the composition given, the orchestra (Boston Symphony) and the chorus no longer serve in attracting the public.

He also said that what the public wants nowadays is the appearance of prominent artists.

Nordica was paid \$1,000 to sing the soprano music of Schumann's "Paradise and Peri" at the last concert of the season.

There is some strange reasoning here upon the part of the secretary, for the concert at which Nordica assisted resulted in a financial loss, while the two performances of the "Messiah," when talent of only ordinary ability figured in the solo parts, were the only performances that paid during the season.

It is useless to speculate upon the capriciousness of the public, which at times is apathetic to the last degree regarding a notable, interesting and carefully prepared occasion.

On the contrary, it will, without any apparent inducement, rush with avidity to the support of an enterprise without the first element of artistic value to recommend it.

Musical interest absorbs too little attention at this season of the year to argue, or speculate even, upon this subject with any profitable expectation.

Concert-giving has been most unprofitable in Boston during this season.

Of the concerts given by pianists, I doubt if any paid expenses except the first recital of Sauer, and those, one each, given by Joseffy and MacDowell.

A mere handful of listeners attended the splendid recital given by Godowsky, and such artists as Rosenthal and Carreño failed to attract full houses.

The audiences were quite numerous on some of these occasions, but, of course, the houses were "papered."

Lady Hallé drew a fair-sized audience. The Cecilia concerts did not pay, but the club's receipts were increased sufficiently to balance accounts through the fees paid for its services at two Boston Symphony concerts.

The Apollo Club concerts were attended by the smallest audiences I have ever seen at the entertainments of this once popular and prosperous organization.

It is claimed that the five weeks of opera in Boston is responsible for the lack of support of the other musical enterprises of the season.

Nevertheless, Grau came out at the little end of the horn to the tune of several thousand dollars.

The Ellis Company made money, however, because its expenses were very much less than those of the Grau Company.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Kronberg, of Boston, will spend the Summer months in Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Kronberg devoting his time to teaching, thus enabling vocal students in that locality to avail themselves of the advantage of his ability and experience as an instructor. These artists have recently finished a concert tour of seven months' duration, spending considerable of the time in Canada, where they met with splendid success.

The Columbia Theatre is to be reconstructed to meet the requirements of the English music hall form of entertainment. It is a part of the scheme of the new music hall syndicate embracing both England and America, and will be under the management of Mr. Lederer, who will furnish attractions such as are now given at the Casino, New York, opening with "In Gay Paree," followed by "The Man in the Moon." It remains to be seen if Boston will take kindly and profitably to this form of entertainment.

WARREN DAVENPORT.

Van der Stucken Honored.—Mr. Frank Van der Stucken writes from Berlin that Arthur Nikisch has accepted the dedication of the symphonic prologue to Heine's "William Ratcliffe," and has decided to give it at one of the regular Berlin symphony concerts next season. This is an unusual honor for an American composer from the foremost conductor in Germany.

Manuscript Society Plans.—The Manuscript Society, of New York, has decided to broaden its organization so as to make it harmonize with its development into a national society. It has adopted a new title, "The Society of American Musicians and Composers," and it has amended its by-laws governing qualifications for membership and admission of compositions to the society's concerts. The new officers elected consist of: President, Edward A. MacDowell; first vice-president, Reginald de Koven; second vice-president, Homer N. Bartlett; corresponding secretary and treasurer, Lucien G. Chaffin; recording secretary, Louis R. Dressler, and librarian, Peter A. Schnecker.

MUSICAL CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, May 23, 1899.

Members of the Chicago Musical Society take exception to the article, last week, descriptive of their trouble with the Federation of Musicians.

"How could musicians of recognized standing associate in a union with amateurs, street fakirs and general riff-raff, styling themselves musicians? Any union that will take members simply because they will pay the fee is of no account."

They furthermore claim that "the Federation will take as members anybody who applies—students, fakirs, lusers—in fact, anybody, and as true musicians they cannot bring themselves to associate with any but men of ability, culture and true devotion to the art."

This is the other side of the question; but since the Federation is affiliated with and recognized as one of the labor unions, there is no moral ground so high that those not members of the union can take and avoid antagonizing the labor element. It does not matter what the qualifications of the musician, so long as he is a Federation member he will get the sympathy and assistance of the organized labor element.

Matters have gone so far that, by act of Legislature, non-union musicians cannot be employed for any purpose connected with the State of Illinois or its institutions. The law was passed in recognition of organized labor, and, of course, includes all unions affiliated with the Federation.

William M. Breckenridge's Pronouncing Dictionary of prominent musicians, singers, operas, actors, etc., is out, and a most acceptable little work it is. In addition to the pronunciation, phonetically, of the proper names, the author gives nationality and age—a most difficult and delicate task, handled with great skill. A short glossary of musical terms and a very complete list of the violin makers of the old world, arranged by schools, completes the little work, which, for its convenience and uniqueness, should meet with great favor at the hands of the general public interested in musical matters.

Max Heinrich had a large audience in attendance at his song-recital, in University Hall, last Tuesday evening. Mr. Heinrich's programme included twenty-three numbers, of which fourteen were sung in German and nine in English. Mr. Heinrich is an enjoyable vocalist, and knows how to vary his work agreeably. Occasionally he resorts to a semi-declamatory style, in pleasing contrast to the conventional.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Apollo Club last week, Harrison M. Wild was re-elected director, and a new office—business manager—created. For this latter Mr. P. F. Campiglio was selected. Mr. Campiglio was recently associated with the New Orleans French Opera Company.

Miss Theodore Sturkow, pianist, assisted by Mr. William Wegener, the tenor of Sinai Temple, gave a delightful concert at the Oakland Club last Tuesday night.

"Frank Rushworth, who made such a hit (?) with Alice Nielsen in the 'Fortune-Teller,' studied, in this city, under the famous tenor, William Castle," says a daily paper.

Having heard Rushworth before and after taking, it may be remarked with equal candor: "What earthly good did it do?"

The American Band of Chicago, Joseph J. Novak director, has been awarded the contract to furnish music for the season at the City Park, Denver. The band numbers forty men, and is reputed to be one of the best in the West.

PHILIP J. MEAHL.

Krehbiel in St. Louis.—Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the well-known reader and animal imitator, recently appeared before the Women's Convention, in St. Louis, and gave one of his séances. A local paper remarked: "When Krehbiel begins to speak, the stranger is a bit startled. And when Krehbiel finishes?"



FANNIE HIRSCH,

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FRENCH CRITICS TALK.

MUSICAL CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, May 21, 1899.

A surprisingly large audience gathered at Carnegie Hall last Monday afternoon to hear Emil Sauer's farewell recital in America.



The attendance impressed one for two reasons: Firstly, this was the last concert of a very prolific season; secondly, it had been advertised very modestly, and far differently than Mr. Sauer's early appearances in New York.

Manager Thrane deserves a great deal of credit, for with infinitely less splurge and pretension than had marked Mr. E. R.

Johnston's handling of the first concert, his successor managed to attract an audience as representative and intelligent as that which had been present at the Sauer debut.

As has been faithfully chronicled in the columns of *MUSICAL AMERICA*, the renowned pianist's Western tour was an unequivocal success, and Mr. Sauer seemed in happiest mood when he plunged into the opening number of the programme, the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue, in D minor.

It was given a sane, healthy reading, marked especially by unwavering rhythm, and crisp, consistent accentuation.

It is in such works that Sauer displays his real artistic metal, and puts to the blush those of his critics who see in him nothing more than an entertaining "pianissimist"—to borrow an expressive term from our best contemporary music critic.

Schumann's G minor sonata, op. 22, is heard by far too seldom in our concert-rooms.

It is brilliant and melodious, satisfying alike to player and listeners.

In this piece, Sauer's tempi were by no means those indicated by Schumann, nor were they in accord with the interpretations of other well-known pianists.

On the whole, however, it was his best number, and particularly the second and third movements were done with that rare charm and grace which have come to be regarded as the Hamburg virtuoso's "specialties."

This is the sonata that has furnished the musical jokesters food for so much merriment.

The beginning of the last movement is marked "So schnell als möglich" (As fast as possible), and the coda of the same part is indicated to be played "Noch schneller" (Yet faster).

The unfamiliar "Rondo a Capriccio, op. 129, Beethoven, was played with wonderful variety and clarity of touch.

The piece sounds more like Haydn or Mozart, than Beethoven, and it seems hardly possible that the great Ludwig could have written that bit of banality at such a late period in his career, as is denoted by the opus number.

The Chopin sonata, op. 58, B minor, was the least satisfactory number of the afternoon.

There was a note of insincerity in Sauer's interpretation, and not even the exquisite technical tracery in the scherzo, nor the boisterous brilliancy in the last two pages of the concluding movement could atone for the general lack of proper atmosphere and balance.

The lengthy Largo revealed some beautiful moments, but they were very few, the movement as a whole being read rather than felt.

In the group of smaller pieces, Valse Impromptu, Liszt; Vecchio Minuetto, op. 18, No. 2, Sgambati; and Etude, Sauer, the player was at his best, and his capricious mood lent infinite variety and brilliance to this dainty musical dessert.

The closing piece of the programme, Liszt's 12th Hungarian rhapsodie, afforded Sauer an opportunity for the display of his most delightful qualities, and he threw himself into the congenial task heart and soul.

The enthusiasm of the audience vented itself in resounding "bravos" and insistent recalls, to which the popular pianist responded with three encores, a difficult "Galop de Concert" of his own, the A flat "Liebestraum" of Liszt, and a sparkling "Valse" in D, by Sauer.

An encore was also imperative after the Chopin sonata, and Sauer generously donated the A flat valse, op. 42, by Chopin.

Not until the smiling virtuoso appeared on the stage with his hat and overcoat, would the furious applause abate.

The Knabe piano never sounded better than on last Monday afternoon. It was a splendid instrument.

I hear that Sauer will be busy on his homeward trip, counting about 25,000 of our good American dollars.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

They Answer Pertinent Questions.

A French periodical, "La Revue de l'Art Dramatique," proposed lately to all the music and dramatic critics of Paris these questions:

1. Ought not serious criticism to delay its account of pieces for five or six days after the performance?
2. Would not simple notice next day be sufficient?
3. Would it not be better to suppress all criticism?

Saint-Saëns replied: "This system of giving a hasty account, based entirely on the necessarily incomplete impression of the dress rehearsal, seems to me deplorable." He admits that the public should have the next day some description of the show; but the opinion should not be detailed.

Gaston Carrand: "Having the honor to belong to the corporation of critics, I naturally consider that there is nothing better or more useful in the world, and I find it not a little incongruous that any one can dream of suppressing us."

Samuel Rousseau: "Critics writing for the next day, or for next Monday, alike judge of the dress rehearsal. Why is it necessary for them to take a week to write down their impressions, and to gauge their opinions by the box-office receipts, in order to declare 'Fervaa!' rubbish, and 'Cavalleria Rusticana' a masterpiece?"

Jules Clarétie: "First, as many interviews and press notices as you like a week before; second, the next day, a report that can be supplied to the managers; third, a critical study a week after the first performance."

Vincent d'Indy: "I consider criticism as absolutely useless, I will even say hurtful, from an artistic point of view. What, in fact, is criticism, such as it exists in our age of hurry and superficial judgment? It is merely the opinion of Mr. Somebody on a work, and, really, what use can this opinion be for the development of art? Just as it is interesting to know the ideas, even if erroneous, of certain men of genius, or of great talent, such as Goethe, Schumann, Wagner, etc., when they write criticisms, just so is it a matter of indifference to know that Mr. So and So, an improvised critic by grace of some editor, likes or does not like such a musical work; for it is to this that, all things considered, actual hurried criticism is limited. Let us not speak of the competency of the greater part of critics—there would be too much to say—but if criticism must exist, at least beg those who are charged with it have sufficient conscience not to give accounts of pieces which have never been played, which has happened lately with certain music critics, and these not the least."

Jules Chancel: "Suppress criticism! Why, in that case, the managers and authors would do it themselves."

It would be interesting to know how the New York critics might answer this same set of questions.

NEW YORK'S PARK CONCERTS.

The public open-air concerts in New York's city parks will begin on May 27, and will give unlimited pleasure to hundreds of thousands of people during the Summer. It was estimated last season that some of these concerts were attended by as many as 25,000 persons.

Fanciulli's Band, composed of one leader, one soloist and thirty-nine musicians, will play on the Mall, in Central Park. Their schedule of concerts is as follows: Saturday afternoon, May 27; Sunday afternoon, May 28; Saturday, June 3; Sunday, June 4; thereafter on consecutive Saturdays and Sundays throughout June, July and August, and finally on September 2, 3, 10 and 17. Should it rain on any of these days, according to the city's contract with Fanciulli, additional concerts will be given at the end of the season.

Bayne's Band will play at Battery Park. Its first concert is to be on Friday evening, June 9. Thereafter the schedule of concerts to be given at this park provide for music on every Friday evening up to Sept. 1. The largest attendance counted at a Battery Park concert last Summer was 7,500.

Crowley's Band is booked for Washington Square. The first music of the season there will be on May 29, and after that date, on Monday nights, until August 28.

Eben's Military Band, composed of one leader, one soloist and twenty-one musicians, will furnish the concerts to be given at Mount Morris Park this Summer, the first concert being arranged for the evening of Decoration Day. After that date concerts will be given on successive Tuesday evenings throughout the three Summer months. In Mulberry Bend Park, Weber's Military Band will begin on Wednesday evening, June 14, and will continue on Wednesdays until the end of August.

Link's Military Band will play at Corlears Hook Park on Monday evening, June 12, and thereafter on Mondays up to and including September 4.

Ramponi's Old Guard Band will begin Summer concerts at Abington Square Park on Wednesday evening, May 31, continuing on Wednesdays thereafter up to September 20.

Lederhaus' Squadron A Band will give the first Tompkins Square concert on Tuesday evening, June 6, and will continue its season until September 5.

Banda Rossa Dates.—The Banda Rossa will open a seven weeks' engagement at Willow Grove Park, Philadelphia, on May 27, and will afterward be heard at several parks and Summer resorts in different parts of the country for seven more weeks. Its third American tour will commence about October 10, and will include California and Mexico.

Expectant Composers.—The time for receiving manuscripts of sacred or secular cantatas entered in competition for the prizes offered by the "Musical Record" expired May 1. Nearly six hundred compositions of all kinds—cantatas, piano pieces and songs—have been received, and are now in the hands of the judges—Prof. Horatio W. Parker, of Yale University; Mr. Arthur Foote, of Boston, and Mr. Reinhold L. Herman.

Last Monday evening, Emil Sauer gave a piano-recital at the Pike, before a fair audience, mainly consisting of musicians and society people. The former had come because they expected that in spite of bad taste displayed in the advertisements of Sauer, he would prove himself a true artist and not a freak; the latter because they deemed it their duty to fashion to show themselves at such an occasion. The recital was enjoyable from a musical standpoint, and only a few highly unsophisticated people, whose credulity had led them to believe that, in Sauer, they would meet with the peer of all living or dead pianists, were disappointed. To sum up the result, Sauer is neither the musical fakir whom one might have expected to find in him, judging from the bombastic statements published by his manager, nor can he rightfully claim to be superior, or even equal, to Rubinstein, Paderewski or Rosenthal. His technic, I admit, is remarkable, but not more so than that of many other pianists, male or female, who have played here before him; but his interpretive ability is limited, more so than that of many pianists who do not even pretend to belong to the first rank.

Thursday evening, Mr. Wm. C. Carl gave a recital upon the great organ at Music Hall. Owing to the ignorance or narrow-mindedness of a majority of the Music Hall trustees, that fine instrument, which, at one time was one of the largest and best in the country, has become degraded to the position of a dead and practically useless decorative attachment of the Music Hall stage. There are thousands of people in this city who have never heard that organ, for the simple reason that only at rare occasions that instrument is ever played upon. There are quite a number of good and competent organists in Cincinnati, who would gladly practise and play upon that organ; but the trustees, in their superior wisdom, refuse to grant them even the permission to acquaint themselves with the mechanism of the organ. The trustees keep the instrument carefully locked up, and sometimes it is not touched for six or eight months. I do not wish to criticise those gentlemen for having moved the organ to the back part of the stage; that was the doing of a small, but powerful minority; but I do blame them for the absurd policy which they have clung to in regard to the use of the organ ever since the latter was intrusted to their keeping.

Organists know that an organ which is exposed to frequent sudden changes of temperature, and is but seldom used, soon becomes stiff in its action and out of tune; the trustees are evidently ignorant of that fact or too dense to appreciate its import. When Mr. Carl played on the Music Hall organ last Thursday, it was so badly out of tune that it was really painful to listen to it. Besides that, some of the combinations worked so stiffly that Mr. Carl found it almost beyond his strength to manage them. It was perfectly inexcusable to engage Mr. Carl for a recital, charge high prices of admission, and then compel him to play upon an instrument unfit for use in every respect.

The programmes for the Jubilee Saengerfest have finally been published. There will be five concerts, three of them in the evening and two in the afternoon. The programmes are decidedly interesting, and comprise a large number of excellent selections from classical, as well as from modern, composers.

The preparations for the Music Teachers' National Convention are progressing favorably, and the programmes are nearly completed. Mr. Van der Stucken, who will conduct the orchestra, is expected back from Europe next Saturday or Sunday, and will at once begin the rehearsals.

ERNEST WELLECK.

Not Always.—"The sweetest music in the world," says a writer, "is the human voice." Young parents will do well to paste this at the head of their first cradle.

New Siegfried Wagner Opera.—Siegfried Wagner is busy with the preliminary work for another opera, to be called "Die Richter." The libretto will be taken from Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's story of the same name.

Levy Pupils Play.—On Thursday of last week the piano pupils of Gustaw Levy gave a concert at the Carnegie Lyceum, New York. The performances of the young people were neither of a kind nor quality to inspire the listeners with eminent confidence in Mr. Levy's ability as an up-to-date pedagogue.

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Council Bluffs Musicales.—The Derthick Club, of Council Bluffs, Ia., gave its last musicale of the season recently, before a large audience. The club is one of the most progressive in the middle West, and has done much to elevate the standard of musical culture there.



BOY CHOIRS: A SUBJECT FOR REFLECTION.

This country has witnessed the growth of many institutions founded on old-world models, but we question if in anything musical it has so far distanced our musical forefathers as in the field of labor indicated by our title. While not prepared to assert it as a fact, we believe that the vast territory now known as Greater New York can furnish more and better (perhaps, it were wiser and kinder to say, as many and as good) examples of this class of organization as the great city of London itself.

What, now, have been the causes leading to the adoption of this form of choir in this country? Its advocates and opponents will furnish two diametrically opposite reasons—the former will claim that the churches fostering it, having recognized that the mixed choir was merely a medium for the exposition of vocal technic, whereas, the boy choir offered a churchly feature for the church's service, adopted it. The latter will insist, on the contrary, that it was the spectacular element in the boy choir that offered the church a means of keeping more prominently in the eyes of the public. And so, they will argue back and forth for you on this line, with occasional reference, on the part of the "boy" advocate, to the "fact" that the choir belongs within the sacred precincts of the altar or pulpit as an integral part of the service medium of expression, and that only men (or embryo men) were eligible to such an office. To this argument, the "mixed choir" apostle will declare that, as most boys are the incarnation of mischief and fiendishness, their use from that standpoint becomes more of a profanation than anything else, and he will claim that only adults have the intellect necessary for the proper interpretation of the heartfelt utterances for soprano or contralto voice of the church composer, and that the boy's voice, lacking the tonal warmth of the woman's, so fails to contrast properly with the tone color of men's voices, to the manifest injury of the intended choral effect. As from a great mental and moral height, the "boy" exponent will remark that the very warmth of the female voice, which produces the contrast with the male tone, that his friend seems to desire, unfits it for use in the sacred offices of the church, in that it appeals to the sensuous and worldly emotions of the hearer; whereas, the boy tone tends to direct the mind to the consideration of things ethereal and spiritual.

Fortunately or unfortunately, as the observer of this discussion takes his viewpoint, the boy choir has as yet not been associated to any material extent with the non-liturgical (popularly styled denominational) churches of this country. Should that time arrive, and the boy choir, together with the mixed, be forever consigned to a place out of the hearer's range of vision, we shall have opportunity of considering the two styles of choir on their relative musical merits. For the present, considered from the standpoint of the Protestant Episcopal Church, where it now has its place (some will claim that the Roman Catholic Church should be included, but that is a radically different sphere in the mind of the writer, and would require a totally different viewpoint), the boy choir does present a few problems which have so far been rather avoided in the discussions that have arisen. They may be briefly enumerated as:

First—What is the effect on the after life of the boy brought up in this department of the church?

Second—Does this form of choir tend towards ritualism, and, if so, how far?

Third—What is the effect of the boy choir going to be on the earning capacity of organists and choirmaster?

We will all agree that a boy, in order to become a useful as well as ornamental man, must have a physically active career as a youngster. We will also agree that especially in the larger cities, if allowed to run the streets, he is subject to influences which are none of the best. So it behooves us to ask if, while it affords an employment for his brain and lungs that may keep him off the streets, it is not over developing his moral and mental faculties at the sacrifice of the physical, surely a cause for alarm. The day for worrying over any danger to his moral faculties in this department of the church is, we are thankful to say, past. While there are still, no doubt, men left in the work who are brutal and utterly lacking in sympathy for the effervescent nature of our boys, the worst of them are gone, and the rank and file of the laborers are native-born and earnest students of their specialty and the boy nature.

As the boy choirs increase, however, in popularity, the calls for their employment evenings also increase, and nights away from home are no desirable items in a boy's career.

Our second problem is a vital one. Not to the present alone, but to succeeding generations of Americans.

The strength of this country has always lain in its faithful adherence to the doctrines of civil and religious liberty set forth in no measured terms by our forefathers. Ritualism has in most cases, if we read history understandingly, tended toward temporal authority in church powers. Witness the spread of the Roman Church, and mark the devitalization of the nations it has conquered. And how great, pray, is the distance between the church of exceedingly "high" ritualistic aspirations and that of Rome itself. The writer knows of a prominent boy choir,

be it said, where portions of Rossini's ornate "Stabat Mater" are invariably done in the original Latin. It is not for these columns to discuss this subject, perhaps; but how can we consider the boy choir without facing all its possibilities.

And the problem affects other denominations no less vitally. It was only a few days since that an intelligent and practical layman approached the writer with a request for the location of the best boy choir in the community, as he had some boys he believed would enjoy that work. The request was immediately granted; but we question if the attitude of the authorities of the home church would be friendly either to the writer or his informer, and "if faith" with reason, for those boys are not apt to come back into the fold as men, when they have as children imbibed all the beautiful and aesthetically attractive features of a ritualistic service, are they? So, if our youth are brought under the influence we can see the domination of the next generation.

Our third problem is an interesting one. If the casual observer will mark the visible evidences of prosperity of the average "boy" and "mixed choir" organists, he will discover that while the former bear all the outward signs of prosperity, the latter, unless they be as noted as a concert performer, or teacher, exemplifies the types of illy nurtured genius. Here, then, the problem assumes a new complexion. As no man is going to equip himself for one branch of a profession, when another affords daily ocular demonstration of greater financial attractiveness, it behooves those who are interested in American church life to take an interest in church music, and offer attractions as great in one field as any other possesses.

VOX ORGANI.

HOW THE BLIND LEARN MUSIC.

The question is often asked how blind musicians acquire their repertoire. Perhaps the best example of the well-educated musician who has been handicapped from childhood by loss of sight is Edward Baxter Perry, the pianist, a capable concert player, and an intelligent and well-informed man. His plan, which probably resembles that of most blind musicians of the higher grade, is to have some one read to him the notes of a new composition, measure by measure, giving each note in the chord, the length of the notes and the marks of expression. From this reading he memorizes the selection, and is then ready to practice. It seems hard, but it has compensating value as an intellectual discipline. The low-grade performers of the Blind Tom order merely imitate the music they hear (usually very incorrectly), instead of constructing their own interpretation from the notes. It has been suggested that the phonograph, the pianola, and other automatic contrivances might advantageously be used to avoid the necessity for the tedious work of the readers, and perhaps this has been done in individual cases. There is a good deal of music, too, that has been printed for the blind, and the range of this repertoire will constantly increase, and music makes a valuable part of the New York Free Circulating Library for the Blind, located in the basement of St. Agnes church in Ninety-first street. The New York "Evening Post" says:

"Several years ago one of the daily papers published a description of a library for the blind in a neighboring city. This called forth, some days later, a comment on the fact that New York city possessed no such library, and a suggestion that a fund be started for that purpose. The appeal was responded to at once, and in November, 1896, the library was formally opened for the use of all worthy blind. From a small beginning of 60 volumes, the first year saw the number increased to nearly 500, with several hundred pieces of music for organ, piano, guitar, and violin, arranged for the blind. There are now 1,154 books and 340 pieces of music in the library. The number of regular readers is about 115.

MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

Richard Hooper, in his "Music and Musicians" (1855) makes a few passing remarks on the wonderful effect music has on some animals. "The brute creation feel it," he says. "Our domestic animals are as affected with it as ourselves. A poor old cat of ours (for, bachelor-like, we plead guilty to a decided weakness for the feline species) was so touched by our whistling the air of 'Robin Adair,' that she would jump into our lap, and cry and pat with her paw till we ceased. An amiable writer also informs us that a favorite dog seemed to be much moved by his playing the violin, and, on his continuing, at length fell down dead in convulsions. We are wicked enough," he caustically observes, "to think he must have been a doggie of refined taste, and his master's performance not that of a Paganini or a Vieuxtemps."

Wilhelm and Wagner.—Kaiser Wilhelm not long ago attended a performance of Siegfried Wagner's "Der Bärenhäuter," and the monarch was so pleased with the work that he has ordered its production at the Berlin Royal Opera next Autumn.

Perosi Shocked.—It is related that when Don Lorenzo Perosi was ready to conduct the first performance of "The Transfiguration of Christ," in Vienna, he suddenly saw, with horror, that one of the women soloists wore a very low-cut bodice. He put down his baton and announced that he would not begin until she was more properly attired. Whereupon the poor woman was hustled home and put in another gown, while the audience patiently waited.

Close of Toledo Season.—On Wednesday, May 10, occurred the last musical event of importance for this season, the concert of the Eurydice Club. The soloists for the occasion were: Dr. Carl E. Dufft, of New York; Miss Nellie A. Goodwin, Mrs. Albro Blodgett, and Mr. Samuel R. Gaines, all of Toledo. The club is under the direction of Mrs. Helen Beach Jones, wife of Mayor Samuel M. Jones, and includes nearly all the solo singers in the city. Miss Mary Willing played the accompaniments. Dr. Dufft gave a number of well-chosen songs, and was very well received.

MUSICAL MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, May 22, 1899.

Don Lorenzo Perosi's oratorio, "The Resurrection of Lazarus," was performed for the first time in the Windsor Hall on Wednesday evening last, with local soloists, under the baton of Mr. Couture, conductor of the Philharmonic Society.

I agree with you, as well as with the "Guide Musical," of Brussels, which said that Perosi is far from being great. Father Perosi may become a Pope some day, but never a Palestrina.

Mr. Arthur Durieu, who gave a season of grand opera at the Théâtre Français several years ago, is raising a subscription for a series of thirty performances of grand opera at the beginning of next season at the Monument National. Mr. Nicosias, the director of the late Charley's French Opera, left for Paris to engage the artists. Mr. Durieu informs me that he intends to give first-class performances. The repertoire will include all the standard French operas.

HARRY B. COHN.

MUSICAL DENVER.

DENVER, COL., May 20, 1899.

The past week the Bostonians have been playing to full houses at the Broadway Theatre. "Robin Hood," "Serenade" and "Rob Roy" have been the operas. The general verdict here is, that the Bostonians are no more what they used to be, but are decidedly on the retrograde movement. The chorus is yet good, and the orchestra retains its grip on the average theatre-goer; but the soloists are spiritless and dull. Of course, Barnaby is still funny in his special parts, but funny business does not make an opera any more than one swallow makes a Summer. The company draws good houses from old, or long ago successes; not from any present merit it possesses.

A real musical treat was furnished by the Kneisel Quartet, at the First Baptist Church, Wednesday night, May 17. Notwithstanding that the opera of "Robin Hood" was given, a majority of the real music lovers took in the quartet. Operas can be heard almost any time, but such perfection in beautiful music as the Kneisel Quartet furnished us can only be heard once a year this side of Boston or the Heavenly City.

JAMES M. TRACY.

Patti's Programme.—At her recital in London last week, Mme. Patti sang "Caro Nome," from "Rigoletto"; "Luce di Quest Anima," from "Linda da Chamounix," and Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair."



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DEAR MUSICAL AMERICA:

Emil Sauer, the pianist, gave his last concert here on Monday, and sailed for Europe on Tuesday.

Before his departure he expressed himself as highly pleased with his reception in this country. He compares the audiences in New York and the East with those in the leading European capitals, and finds the Americans more enthusiastic and critical. The European audiences, he says, have become blasé.

To my thinking, the European audiences are not so blasé as they are clannish. Thus, you find some artists enthusiastically received in certain towns, while in others they have little or no drawing power.

I have always contended that a really representative New York audience is, on account of its cosmopolitan character, the most critical and most difficult to please in the world. The artist who can rouse it to enthusiasm has proven his right to the highest distinction.

You will remember that in my interview with Van Dyck, he said: "I can now understand why some artists that have appeared here have not succeeded. Their talent was not broad enough. They had the ability to secure a strong hold in some one locality, but lacked the ability to gain the approval of a cosmopolitan audience. It is not easy to please in New York."

The good opinion which Mr. Sauer has of us is all the more noteworthy when we remember that when he first came here he had to overcome a strong prejudice which had been created through the stupidity and vulgarity of his first manager, Mr. R. E. Johnston.

* * *

As a strong contrast to the kindly words of Mr. Sauer, we have the bitter comments of Adolf von Sonnenthal, the Viennese actor, who has also just left us after a brief tour.

Mr. Sonnenthal likes neither us nor our ways nor our hotels.

He is a thorough Viennese, and as such should never leave his own city. He is too narrow.

The main burden of his complaint is that in all the hotels he visited, he never once found in his room a smoking table and lamp by the bedside, such as he is accustomed to at home.

I saw him play Hamlet when he came here first, some fourteen or fifteen years ago.

I found his performance so "melancholy" and dreary that I regretted Shakespeare hadn't killed Hamlet in the first, instead of the fifth act.

* * *

Is it not about time that the reporters of our leading dailies ceased interviewing these European artists as to what they think of us and of our country?

What can they know about us anyhow?

They eat and sleep in some hotels, appear in some theatres or opera houses, travel on some railroads, see a few of their own countrymen, who generally want to borrow their money, or dine with some of the "400," who have nothing to recommend them but their money, and are, in no sense, representative of our culture and progress.

It seems to me that their opinion of us, whether in the way of praise or blame, is an impertinence!

Surely, we are old enough to have some self-respect, and our reporters should leave these artists alone, except when they can get them to talk intelligently about their art, which is not often.

This whole business has been carried to the verge of the utterly ridiculous. It certainly was when Oscar Wilde, on the strength of a trans-continental trip in a sleeping-car, undertook to write a book on America.

* * *

The cables report that Jean de Reszke's throat is troubling him again.

The press notices of the great singer, who is now in London, are not so favorable as they used to be.

A leading paper, referring to this, says: "It is observed that M. de Reszke is not in his best voice this year."

If the critics here had written what they thought of the performances of the brothers de Reszke last season, some of the criticisms would not have been nearly as favorable as they were.

Partly from regard for Grau, and largely from sincere respect and liking for the de Reszkes, the truth was not told.

Edouard was persistently off the key. I remember a

performance of "Les Huguenots," where he sang in a manner that would have been severely criticised in Paris or Milan, but all the papers were uniformly eulogistic next morning.

As for M. Jean himself, he often appeared tired and listless, and only occasionally able to rouse himself.

The truth is, both the brothers are no longer young, and can no longer stand the strain of singing two and three times a week, as they did here.

The time has come when they should recognize that this is too great a strain, and should limit themselves to one, or, at most, two, appearances a week.

In this way Jean de Reszke might delight us for years to come. As it is, he will have to succumb before long, and that would be a most serious loss to the operatic stage.

* * *

I get poor reports of Mme. Calvé's health. She may not sing with Grau in London this season, and is probably reserving her strength for her American tournee next Fall.

The lady has become an ardent Spiritualist, and is much given to attending séances.

The average artist is inclined to be very superstitious anyhow; but when Spiritualism gets hold of them, it is wonderful what they will do and believe.

Poor Bartley Campbell, the playwright, became almost crazed by Spiritualism before his death. The tangle in which he left his affairs was largely due to this.

Instead of attending to business, he would spend hours with various mediums, who were generally humbugs.

I remember on one occasion going with him to visit a medium. He was anxious to know about the outcome of a certain venture in which he was interested. He stayed so long with the medium that he missed a very important engagement, by which he lost more money than he could ever have made out of the business concerning which he consulted the medium.

On another occasion I was induced to accompany Mme. Janisch, the talented German actress, to a séance in Boston.

When the "spirit" of a departed friend came out in the dimly lighted room to interview us, I observed aloud, as it gave us some candy, that it had very dirty fingers.

On this I was promptly ejected.

Afterwards I inquired of Madame whether "the departed friend" was Irish, as the spirit had spoken with an unmistakable brogue.

While Madame laughed, she was undoubtedly affected by the séance, and was not satisfied until she had told her own fortune by the cards; continuing to tell it, of course, until the cards came out the way she wanted, and then she was happy.

JOHN C. FREUND.

Music for Ben Hur.—Edgar Stillman Kelly is to compose the orchestral and choral music for the forthcoming production of "Ben-Hur." Mr. Kelly became prominent as the composer of the Macbeth music and the comic opera of "Puritania."

Rihm Recital.—The first of two soirées by the students of Alexander Rihm was given on Wednesday evening at Wissner Hall, Brooklyn, before an unusually numerous and appreciative audience. A long and difficult programme was performed with taste and finish, and many were the complimentary things said of Mr. Rihm's efficiency as a teacher. The second interesting recital will take place on May 31.

Baptist Benefit Concert.—A most interesting and successful concert was given on May 18 at the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the Baptist Home, of that city. Those who took part were the Temple Choir and orchestra, and Messrs. Evan Williams, tenor, and Edward Morris Bowman, organ, soloists. A fine performance of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," music by S. Coleridge Taylor, was given under the spirited and expert leadership of Mr. Bowman. The large audience was most enthusiastic in its expressions of approval.

Trenton Tones.—The Arion Society, of Trenton, N. J., conducted by Prof. Gregory, gave an interesting entertainment last Tuesday night at the Trenton Opera House. The society did some splendid work, as did Mme. Brown, of Newark, N. J., who delighted her listeners with soprano solos, which were very well received. Paris Chambers, the well-known cornet virtuoso, made a favorable impression with his performance of "Voco De Gabriel" and the romanza, "Holy City." There was a large audience, and their liberal applause guaranteed effectually that the concert was a great success.

Mary Howe-Lavin Abroad.—Mrs. Mary Howe-Lavin, who has won many operatic successes abroad, recently achieved the most notable triumph of her career at the Royal Opera House, in Wiesbaden. Of the event, the Wiesbaden "Tageblatt" says: "At the close of the performance of 'The Barber of Seville,' His Majesty, the King of Sweden, bestowed upon Miss Mary Howe the honor of an extended audience, during which he expressed to the artist his lively appreciation of, and delight at listening to, her perfect singing and extraordinary technic. On the part of the public, also, such feelings of admiration again found expression in a profusion of floral pieces and laurel wreaths. The many friends of the celebrated artist, who, we are sorry to say, intends returning to America, will yet have the opportunity of hearing her in a number of performances before the close of the season, notably in the new production of Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

THE FOREIGN INVASION.

According to an exchange, the London musical public resents the neglect of native composers in concerts of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, and one lady framed her protest to Conductor Wood in the following poetic meter:

O, Mr. Wood; dear Mr. Wood,
Pray, pray, reform at once: be good
And give us something British.
The constant sight of "ov" and "ski"
On programmes fast begins to try
Our temper—always skittish.
So will you kindly take a hint?
Weak Russian music without stint
Is apt to prove most cloying.
Whilst constant absence of a name
With British sound and British fame
Is really most annoying.
So Mr. Wood, dear Mr. Wood,
Let this be firmly understood—
Or the result you rue, man;
To British music give a place,
Or in the post you now so grace
We'll want to see a new man.

THE UNMUSICAL CZAR.

Not long ago a story was printed to the effect that the Czar Nicholas, of Russia, had sung several songs at a family party, and had shown himself to be possessed of an exceptionally good tenor voice, a fact of which he was not a little proud.

However, along comes the "Lokalanzeiger" and knocks the pretty tale on the head by telling us that the muse of music was not present at the birth of the "little father," and that musical gatherings at which celebrated artists take part are not so frequent now as during the reign of the present Emperor's father.

The former Czar was passionately fond of music, and was in his youth an excellent performer on the cornet à piston. Prof. Wurm taught him for ten years, and even to-day praises the zeal and talent of his illustrious pupil. When later on he became so much occupied with government business, he had to give up his favorite instrument, as he had no time to practise. "But we won't give up music quite," he remarked to Prof. Wurm. "Now I shall choose the great sax tuba." He founded his own brass band of about forty performers, mostly officers, and begged the conductor to treat them all "sans façon," for certainly otherwise nothing sensible would come of it. At the head of them sat the Czar, his gigantic instrument slung around him, and tootled bravely with the rest.

At court balls it amused him to conduct personally some bars of a waltz, especially when his illustrious consort, who loved dancing passionately, was enjoying herself. All at once the music would come to a dead stop in the middle of a waltz. Everybody would look up startled, and only the Empress would glance smilingly at the gallery. She knew who the rogue was who wanted to play her a trick again.

The Dowager Empress, a brilliant pianist, had inherited the talent from her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, and always zealously endeavored to inspire her children with a love for music. There was no want of excellent masters in St. Petersburg at that time, but alas! the young Grand Dukes and Duchesses had little sympathy for their mother's noble intentions. All had to practise the piano, but they did so very unwillingly.

As the Czar Alexander was an ardent admirer of Richard Wagner, the music master of the heir to the throne gave himself the greatest trouble to teach the latter a composition of the Bayreuth master as a surprise for papa. The wedding march from "Lohengrin" was chosen, in the easiest rearrangement that could be found. The appointed day arrived, and the performance began; but praise there was none. It is whispered, indeed, that just the reverse was the case. There was only one consolation for the Prince—that his sisters and brothers did no better.

Albion Recital.—The third annual music-festival at Albion, Mich., beginning May 16, was a most pronounced success. The soloists best received were Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Miss Florence Hoag, violinist, and Señora Sherwood, contralto.

Mottl Recital.—Mme. Mottl recently gave a fairly successful song-recital in London, at which she sang nineteen songs, ranging chronologically from Bach to Brahms. Her husband, Felix Mottl, the eminent Wagnerian conductor, acted as accompanist, and played the piano part in a Bach sonata for that instrument and violin.

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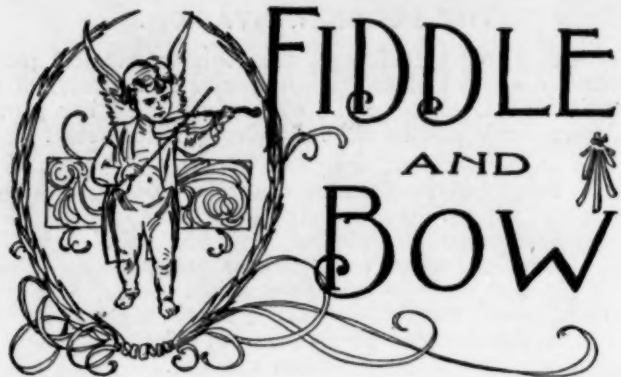
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In the May issue of the "Etude," Mr. J. S. Van Cleve makes a statement which, if it does not astound his readers, must surely reveal to them his peculiar conception of what constitutes romanticism in violin-playing. In his article, entitled "The American Virtuoso," Mr. Van Cleve says (speaking of Miss Maud Powell): "Her style is the ne plus ultra of sweetness and grace, and there are no stiff or difficult passages in her work. As a lovely, romantic artist, she has only one superior in the world—Sarasate."

Such an opinion coming from a man of Mr. Van Cleve's recognized intelligence, is, to say the least, astonishing to those who are intimately acquainted with Miss Powell's temperament and abilities. Never, at any period of her career, has Miss Powell's playing even vaguely suggested a tendency to romanticism. Compositions of a serious, thoughtful character are the ones that chiefly attract her; and her playing of just such compositions should be, to every musical listener, unquestionable evidence of her real artistic tendencies.

Not only in the United States has Miss Powell always created the impression that she is best fitted for the interpretation of unromantic compositions, but also in London, where she played quite recently with well-deserved success, the critics quite unanimously accepted her as, more particularly, an able exponent of more or less classical music. And, discovering so little of the truly romantic in her playing, her English critics readily arrived at the conclusion that the severity of her style quite isolated her from the artists of her sex.

If, however, Mr. Van Cleve had been satisfied to pronounce Miss Powell a "lovely romantic artist," we should not consider it worth while to take issue with him on the expression of his personal opinion; for, however erroneous such an opinion may be, it is clearly the result of sincere admiration of a very estimable artist, and, in itself, is of too little moment to excite more than passing comment. But when one considers that Mr. Van Cleve, a professional critic, regards Miss Powell as not only worthy of comparison with Sarasate, but, as a romantic artist, inferior only to the great Spanish virtuoso, it would be interesting to learn Mr. Van Cleve's estimate of a dozen or more eminent romanticists of the present decade—notably, Eugen Ysaye.

When Rosenthal first visited the United States, some eleven or twelve years ago, a remarkably talented young violinist accompanied him on his tour through the country, and everywhere aroused great enthusiasm by his exceptional technical ability, and the fine finish and sentiment of his playing. Young Kreisler was hardly a prepossessing lad. He had inherited none of the physical beauty which Maurice Dengremont possessed in such high degree; but in many respects his playing reminded one of that unfortunate boy, whose career was so brief and terminated so sadly.

Until very recently, nothing had been heard of Kreisler's whereabouts or artistic development; but his Berlin concert, some months ago, proved that he has not been wasting his life. He is a great friend of Josef Hoffman, and together with him and James Liebling, the 'cellist, will give a series of trio concerts in Berlin next season.

During his American trip, many stories were current regarding the animosity that existed between the youthful violinist and the famous pianist. Among other things, it was said that Kreisler, who was a really able pianist himself, often attempted to convince Rosenthal that he, a violinist, with a violinist's powers of cantilène, could produce on the piano beautiful effects which the great Roumanian struggled in vain to achieve. With a boy's

fearlessness and impetuosity, he did not hesitate to criticize Rosenthal; and even went so far as to try to demonstrate that, though a violinist by choice and profession, he was, in some respects, Rosenthal's superior as a pianist!

If half the stories that were retailed here were true, it is easy to understand that no kindly feeling could have existed between the two artists. Despite his ungainly appearance, Kreisler always made a profound impression on his audience. His female admirers were legion. I remember how, on one occasion (when his E string snapped during the performance of a solo number), a number of frenzied female admirers of the boy made a mad rush for the platform to obtain possession of the remnants of that string! This unmistakable adulation is said to have been deeply annoying to Rosenthal—so much so, indeed, that frequent ruptures threatened to terminate early in the season the successful trip which they began together in New York.

It is certainly pleasurable to learn that Kreisler has not been content with his early achievements, but has devoted these years of retirement to earnest study and progress. If one can judge of his possibilities by the ability he displayed during his American trip, it is not unreasonable to expect the matured artist to take rank with the greatest violinists of the age.

It is interesting to learn that Thomson, who is certainly one of the highest living authorities on left-hand technique, advocates a low position of the thumb. While I have never been in a sufficiently favorable position to minutely observe the position which his left hand takes on the neck of the violin, I have been authoritatively informed that he disapproves of the generally accepted thumb position, and maintains that such a position impedes, rather than facilitates, the acquirement of uncommon technical ability. He does not, of course, say that a high thumb position precludes the possibility of great technical attainments; but he argues that the unnaturalness of the position serves only to increase violin difficulties and has no demonstrable advantages.

It is a pity that Thomson has not yet given the violin world the results of his great experience in the form of a brochure on violin technics. The expression of his excellent and original ideas is confined to the class-room; and only from his pupils is it possible to learn just what these ideas are, and in what respect they differ from the conventional ones advocated in most European music schools.

Unquestionably, the great Belgian has made experiments which have led to his present convictions on the question of a practical position for the thumb. An artist of César Thomson's attainments does not depart from ancient customs without feeling absolutely warranted in doing so.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Shifty St. Saëns.—That will o' the wisp, Camille Saint-Saëns, who is now at Las Palmas, will go on to Rio de Janeiro, where he is booked to direct several concerts. He is expected in Paris about the end of July.

Marteau in Roumania.—Henri Marteau, who has just finished a very brilliant concert tour in Russia, on his way home to France, stopped at Bucharest, where he was the object of a most enthusiastic reception, after a fine execution of Theo. Dubois' violin concerto.

Remenyi Anecdote.—A Chicago paper says: "The sale of the Remenyi art collection at the Art Institute renders timely an amusing anecdote of the great violinist which has only recently appeared in print, and, it is believed, is told for the first time. Fifteen or eighteen years ago Remenyi played in a concert at University Hall, Ann Arbor, and so captivated the students that at the end of the concert a number of them unhitched the horses from his carriage and drew the violinist down to the Cook House. This occurred about midnight, and an hour later, Remenyi, seated in the hotel office and enjoying his pipe, said: 'Yes, it was a great honor; but I would have better fun to draw the wagon wit dem. I am not old, and I can be as foolish as anybotty. I likes to be foolish sometimes.'"

NEW AMERICAN VIOLINIST.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 22, 1899.

Musical Indianapolis enjoyed a red-letter day on May 17, when Miss Jeanette Orlopp made her début as a violin soloist at the annual Press Club concert. Some four years ago Miss Orlopp played at a similar occasion, when she was yet a student in the conservatory at Cincinnati; but since that time she has been abroad, completing her musical education, under Wilhelmj,



in London. This being her native city, a large audience assembled to participate in the reception of the new musician.

Miss Orlopp did not disappoint. On the contrary, her playing exceeded the high expectations which had been previously formed. Her work is remarkably smooth and clear, and each tone is individually distinct, never foggy or muffled. The range of her technic is well developed, and she uses the bow with freedom and grace; while her left hand executes its functions as if "native to the manner born."

Miss Orlopp's share of the programme consisted of three numbers, which gave one a fairly conclusive impression of her ability. The first was Bruch's concerto, in G minor, in three movements, in which the violinist sustained all the brilliance of the composition with musicianly intelligence. Following thereupon came "In Memoriam," which Wilhelmj composed on the death of Viennese, his devoted friend.

The last number was a most difficult one by Ferd. Laub, Concert Polonaise, op. 8. This gave her the best opportunity of the evening to exhibit her technical command and finish. It was noticeable throughout that she possesses strength, the lack of which causes the playing of most female violinists to appear fragile. The ovation which Miss Orlopp received induced her to respond to an encore, and she played the old Southern melody, "Suwanee River," to the great delight of the audience. All of the work of this player is permeated with the freshness and energy of youth. She is a born artist.

H. O. STECHHAN.

THOSE OLD FIDDLES.

The London "Chronicle" reports a new form—or is it a revival?—of the "old fiddle" swindle. It occurred in Vienna under the following circumstances:

"Some days ago, a young fellow carrying a fiddle under his arm entered a ham and beef shop. Having made his purchase, he discovered he had not enough money to pay for it; so he begged the tradesman to take his fiddle, which he was going to have repaired, as security while he went home and fetched the balance. He had scarcely left the shop when a well-dressed gentleman stepped in to make a purchase, and cast his eye on the violin. After a few minutes' inspection, he exclaimed: 'This is a fine instrument, by one of the old masters; I'll give you 150 florins for it.' The shopkeeper explained that he could not sell it without consulting the owner, and so the connoisseur went off, leaving five florins to secure the refusal of the treasure. Presently the original customer came back, and being informed of the offer, agreed to a deal, provided he had eighty florins down. The sum was at once paid by the innocent middleman. Needless to say, he has never seen the virtuoso again, and the value of the fiddle turns out to be five shillings."

Philadelphia's Permanent Orchestra.—The guarantee fund of the proposed permanent orchestra now amounts to about \$50,000, or one-fifth of the sum which the promoting committee started out to secure. Those having the matter in charge expect to continue the canvass for subscribers during the Summer, and are confident that the first \$100,000 will be the most difficult to obtain, and that once that amount is in hand the needed balance will quickly be forthcoming.

Would Not Play for Herbert.—At the recent "gambol" of the Lambs' Club, New York, Victor Herbert was to conduct his little operetta, "Hula Lula," which was one of the chief numbers on the programme. As a result of the composer's recent differences with the Musical Mutual Protective Union, the musicians refused to play under the leadership of Mr. Herbert. All arguments proving of no avail, the stubborn musicians were finally led by Jesse Williams, who was present. Mr. Herbert is very angry over the affair, and threatens to fight the case to the end. It will come up for trial the latter part of this month.

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Now that Paderewski's tour here next season is assured, speculation is already rife regarding the chances of a repetition of his former marvelous popular and financial successes.

Opinions on this subject are about equally divided, most of the unbelievers being second-rate local pianists, and the enthusiasts, women.

The latter can make or mar any pianist, and their arraignment at this early date on Paderewski's side points to certain success for the Polish wonder.

But there are even more practical reasons for believing that the Paderewski "fad"—if fad it was—has not yet died out.

Mr. Ferdinand Meyer, the genial music publisher and friend of artists, told me that even now, some six months or more before Paderewski's first New York concert, orders have been received for tickets, and some persons have actually subscribed for certain seats to be reserved throughout the entire series of recitals in this city.

That looks like success, doesn't it?

Paderewski is better known in London than he is in New York, yet his recital there last week netted him \$6,250.*

By the way, it might interest you to see what he played on this occasion:

Two sonatas of Beethoven, op. 111 and op. 57, and eight Chopin pieces, including the fantasia; two etudes, a nocturne, the B flat minor sonata, the berceuse, a mazurka and a valse.

He played also at the London music festival, and met with a success that was nothing short of sensational.

His numbers, with orchestra, were the Beethoven concerto, in E flat, and the Chopin concerto, in F minor.

For me, Paderewski has been the "only" pianist since I first heard him in New York, and all the later visits of foreign pianists have not served to shake my allegiance.

I heard him two seasons ago, at a recital in Dresden, Germany, but he was ill on that evening, and did not do himself justice.

I confidently look forward to a renewal of the Paderewski fever in its most virulent form.

It is announced that Mark Hambourg will be another certain visitor next season.

I heard this young Leschetizky pupil, in Berlin, some two or three Winters ago, and though I attended all his recitals, I was not particularly impressed with his playing.

He has neither the infallible technic of Josef Hoffman, nor the astonishing intellectuality of Gábrilowitsch (also a Leschetizky pupil).*

There is in Hambourg's performances a certain impetuosity that passes for excessive "temperament," and this has won for him such popularity as he enjoys in London, Paris, and Australia, where he made a very successful tour about three years ago.

It seems a very daring undertaking, to bring this young man to the United States at a time when Paderewski will be monopolizing our attention.

I wish I could remember from what paper I clipped this: "Pichekoff (Petschnikoff!), the Russian violinist, has lately been stirring up Southern Europe. He is described in Vienna as being the most intoxicated player ever heard there."

Is that a Rosenthalian sally in a Western paper, where a reporter quotes the witty pianist as follows: "I have used my Steinway piano during my entire American tour. I am much attached to it."

"I endeavored a fortnight ago to jest with the present tendency to nickname musicians with descriptive titles, by suggesting that Rosenthal be named 'The Terrible Turk of the Keyboard,'" says a writer in the Toronto "Mail and Express." "I have no doubt that, if Rosenthal would permit it, Mr. Morrissey would ere now have fastened the name on him. I wonder whether the term, 'Giant of Pianists' was conferred on Mr. Burmeister with his own consent; for a gentle, tender artist, such as he, the term seems even more absurd than the phrase, 'Lioness of the Pianoforte,' conferred on an old lady possessing such admirable self-control and well-balanced art as Mme. Carreño. If Carreño must join the menagerie, why not call her the 'Puma of the Pianoforte,' as a tribute to her South American birth. If this sort of thing is to go on,

let us have the whole menagerie. Let De Pachmann be known as 'The Pianistic Wild Man of Borneo,' let Paderewski become 'The Hamlet of the Keyboard,' while, since Sauer has a longer nose than any pianist one can think of for the moment, let him be known as 'The Cyrano de Bergerac of the Pianoforte.'"

I don't know if the following is new. I give it for what it is worth:

An old lady, on being introduced to Rubinstein, in London, just before one of his recitals there, said to him: "Oh, Mr. Rubinstein, I am so glad to meet you. I have been trying in vain to get a ticket for your concert, but they are all sold. Could you not do something for me?"

"Certainly, madame," responded the courteous artist; "I have but one seat at my disposal, yet you are welcome to it if you will take it."

"Oh, a thousand thanks, Mr. Rubinstein; you are too generous. Where is the seat?"

"At the piano," was the smiling reply.

The Tacoma "Ledger" bit hard at the juicy morsel sent in by Rosenthal's fevered press-agent, and rendered itself immortal by printing these ravings:

"Rosenthal has worked at his art and his instrument with the ferocity of a tiger and the industry of a beaver during the past eight years, in consequence of which the piano—a hard beast to subdue—has learned to know his master, trembling in his clutch, roars at his command, or emits the feeble, humblest pianissimos at his caressing touch."

James G. Huneker, whose successful book, "Mezzotints in Modern Music"—though only two months old—is now in its third edition, will shortly publish a volume of short stories.

LEONARD LIEBLING.

PIANO AND FORTE.

During the recent Convention of Musical Clubs in St. Louis, the Kneisel Quartet gave a most successful concert, at which Mrs. Stella Hadden-Alexander, the well-known New York pianist, was the assisting soloist. She played pieces by MacDowell, Schumann, Tschaiakowsky, Brahms, Chopin and Moszkowski, meeting with quite an exceptionally enthusiastic reception, both on the part of the press and the public. Following is one of the many excellent reviews of the fair pianist's playing on this occasion: "Mrs. Hadden-Alexander, of New York, is a pianist of unusual ability. She is ever certain of herself and of the composer's intentions. Delicacy of touch and shading, and individuality of artistic expression characterized her work. She possesses the rare thought that there is a limit to the aggressiveness of the bass, and her subjection of the low tones was a revelation of beauty."

Miss Marie Geselschap, a pianist well known in the United States, has been nominated first teacher at the Royal Louisen Stift, at Berlin, Germany. The Royal Louisen Stift is an old-established high school for young ladies from the Prussian nobility, and was founded in the last century by Queen Louise, of Prussia. Miss Geselschap's contract allows her to make extended concert tours.

The Rochester "Union-Advertiser" speaks of Sauer as "The German Paderewski." How pleasant this must be for Mr. Sauer.

Lulu Gavette, a very young pianist (aged twelve), of Baltimore, Md., is made the subject of some very flattering remarks in the "Sun," which says of her playing at a recent benefit concert: "Interest centred chiefly in the playing of the youthful prodigy, who, it is said, is only twelve years old. She essayed a Beethoven sonata, and compositions by Paderewski, Grieg, Schubert, Liszt and Godard—a very formidable programme and one that might startle a mature artist. Her composure was, however, entirely undisturbed, and she fulfilled her task in a manner unusual for such a young performer. Thorough training will doubtless add to the extraordinary facility which the young pianist already possesses."

Chevalier Aurelio Ceruelos, director of the Troy Piano School, in Troy, N. Y., gave a recital there that was attended by the élite of the classical city's musical and social set. The Chevalier is a composer of no small merit, and some of his graceful compositions carried off the major part of the enthusiasm. His style is best characterized by an eloquent line that concluded the criticism of his concert in the Troy "Times": "A recital by Chevalier Ceruelos means an evening with the poetry and romance of the piano."

Mr. Arthur Whiting, encouraged by the success of his three seasons of chamber music with the Kneisel Quartet in New York and Boston, devoted chiefly to the works of Brahms, has decided to offer for the coming year recitals of that composer's piano music and songs, in the interpretation of which latter he will have the assistance of Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., bass. In addition to the Brahms programmes, Mr. Whiting has prepared others devoted to compositions of other writers of the modern school.

One of the best attended and most successful concerts given during the recent Music Festival in New Haven, Conn., was Mme. Annette Szumowska's piano-recital. She completely captivated the audience, and was forced to respond to several imperative encores. That means much in the month of May.

Edgar Jacques has this to say regarding a composer who has made some stir recently in the piano world: "Sergei Wasseliewitsch Rachmaninov was born in 1873 at Novgorod, and studied at the Moscow Conservatoire under Arensky and Siloti. His talent was so great that

in his eighteenth year he was awarded the great gold medal. His works include a pianoforte concerto, a fantasia for two pianofortes, and a number of smaller pieces. Their merits, coupled with the fact that the composer is not yet twenty-five years of age, have justified critics in regarding him as one of the most gifted and important of Russian composers."

A correspondent from Rochester writes: "Emil Sauer says there is a class of French pianists who know only ten or twelve concert pieces, practice them constantly, play them perfectly, and never attempt anything outside of their chosen list. Their repertoire usually includes one Chopin etude, the 'Black Key Study,' for example; and their ambition is to play it as rapidly as possible. A pianist of this class will request an 'umpire' to time him with a stop-watch, and if the result be satisfactory, he will exclaim: 'There! I played it five seconds quicker than Mr. So-and-So.' And then he thinks he has reached the pinnacle of greatness. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that this is not Sauer's idea of greatness."

They have a remarkable musical critic in Montgomery, Ala. Read what he (?) says about a piano-recital by Miss Dora Sternfeld, given there recently: "A soul poured through the medium of a sympathetic hand into the ivory keys of a piano interpreted the productions of the old masters, and while the writings were the works of a Beethoven, a Chopin, a Rubinstein, yet the delicate touch, the soulful harmony, were distinctively Miss Sternfeld's, and it is not often that one hears a rendition of these grand old classics like the one given them by this talented little woman last night." In conclusion, the same scribe remarks, more enthusiastically than truthfully: "All in all, Miss Sternfeld has placed the Montgomery people under a debt of gratitude that makes it impossible for them to repay her." It is a question whether the pianist authorized that last statement.

Miss Florence Terrel, Brooklyn's best and prettiest pianist, has just issued her annual circular, a neat little pamphlet, decorated on the cover with her latest excellent portrait, and filled with most flattering notices and reviews of her work during the past season. Few pianists could exhibit a collection of criticisms so unanimous in tone and content.

Minkowsky in New York.—Young Mr. Minkowsky, the San Francisco composer, whose one-act opera, "The Smuggler's Wife," will be produced in New York in the Fall by the Bostonians, has arrived in New York. He will personally superintend the rehearsals.

Martucci in London.—Signor Martucci, the celebrated Italian composer, directed his symphony in D minor at the latest concert of the London Philharmonic Society. The work met with a very indifferent reception. A correspondent from London drew this picture of Martucci's personal appearance: "A short, stoutish, swarthy man of forty, with his thick black hair and mustache relieving an impassive countenance."

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For Publishers' Announcements, see Page 24.

New York, May 27, 1899.

WOMEN'S MUSICAL CLUBS.

The first biennial convention of the Federation of Women's Musical Clubs was recently held in St. Louis, and was so successful that it may justly be said to mark an important step in advance in musical culture in this country.

The growth of women's musical clubs in America of late years has been almost phenomenal. The number already foots up several thousand, with a very large membership.

The idea of having a central body, or "Federation," of these clubs, and of holding a biennial convention was most happy.

I know of nothing more distinctively characteristic of our national progress than the interest taken by our women in the arts and sciences.

Women represent the great, ennobling influences on human life, and wherever they are to be found actively at work, there new life and a higher purpose are sure to spring forth.

Even the most cursory examination of the work already accomplished by these women's musical clubs reveals an astonishing activity and a seriousness of purpose not generally credited to the gentler sex.

The proceedings of the convention, the reports of the various clubs, the election of officers, the concerts, receptions, social meetings, seem all to have been conducted with such dignity, courtesy and good business sense as to present a model that men might well copy when they meet for business or political purposes.

In reading a report of the proceedings, I was much struck with the sound sense and practical character of the speeches made by the various ladies, who all seemed very much in earnest.

It seemed to be generally understood that a musical club was a serious affair; that it was not merely to be used for pleasant social gatherings, but should aim to further the musical knowledge and taste in its particular locality.

Admission to such a club should be secured only on the ground of musical proficiency and talent.

The reports of the work of the various clubs were most interesting, and showed that a great deal of good, practical work is being done all over the country.

A great deal of encouragement is evidently being given to American singers and players, which is a good sign.

Now, let these women's clubs go a step further, and take up the American composer.

What a factor for good their encouragement would be! Let us always remember that the higher the moral, intellectual and physical status of our women, the higher will be the moral, intellectual and physical status of our nation, for the future of the race is with them!

JOHN C. FREUND.

Savannah Summer Opera.—There will be a Summer season of opera at the Savannah Theatre, Savannah, Ga., beginning June 5, under the management of Mr. Weis. Popular prices of admission will be charged, and subscription books good for the season will be sold at reduced rates.

Grau's American Forces.—Mr. Maurice Grau is constantly adding to the number of his American singers. For this season at Covent Garden, besides the Mesdames Nordica, Suzanne Adams, Maud Roudez, Zelle de Lusan, and the Messrs. Bispham and Herman de Vries, all of them Americans, he has engaged Miss Susan Strong, of Brooklyn; Mme. Louise Homer, a contralto, born in Pittsburgh, and Miss Bessie MacDonald, a native of Chicago.

Studio Musicale.—Miss Emma K. Denison gave her last studio musicale of this season at No. 138 Fifth avenue (her studio), on Saturday afternoon, May 20. The assistance on this occasion was rendered by Miss Helen Lewis Hibler, reader; Miss Wilhelmina Johnson, pianist; Miss Elizabeth Putnam, soprano; the Lycome Male Quartet, and Mr. Spencer Cone, violinist. These interesting informal musical "at homes" have been held on the third Saturday of each month since last October. Miss Denison's pupils and artist friends generally supply the musical programme.

Notable Baltimore Concert.—The sixth concert of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, under the title of the Grand May Festival Concert, was given not long ago at the Music Hall, under the direction of Mr. Ross Jungnickel. The orchestra was assisted by a large chorus, composed of members of various church choirs, and of the Oratorio, Germania and Harmonie Singing Societies. The assisting artists were: Signor Clemente Belogna, basso; Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano; Miss Edith Miller, alto, and Mr. F. H. Weber, tenor. The main choral number was Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which was given a splendid performance. The work of the orchestra aided not a little towards making this one of the very best concerts ever given in Baltimore.

SCHERHEY MUSICALE.

Chickering Hall was crowded to the doors on Monday evening, May 22, in response to the invitation of Mr. M. I. Scherhey, the noted and genial vocal instructor, and his accomplished pupils, for their annual interesting musicale.

The audience was not only large, but also extremely fashionable, and the fact that this representative assemblage was stirred to utmost enthusiasm, spoke eloquently for the excellence of the entertainment offered.

Mr. Scherhey revealed his refined musical tastes and extended experience in the content and arrangement of his programme, which, though lengthy, was of such uniform worth that the concert seemed much too short.

Lack of space prevents my going into the details of the separate performances, and much as each individual singer deserves specialized praise, I can only give a list of those who contributed to the success of the concert, and helped again to establish Mr. Scherhey's claim to the esteem and admiration of New York's vocal colony. Assuredly, there are few singing teachers in this city whose pupils could give such a thoroughly satisfactory demonstration as was offered us last Monday.

The list of embryo artists, of whom Mr. M. I. Scherhey can feel very proud, included the names of Mrs. Gertrude Albrecht, Miss Martha Wettengel, Miss Joella Holdsworth, Mr. Albert Renard, Mrs. Edward de Lima, Dr. Otto Jacob, Miss Ella Staab, Miss Margharita Arcularius, Mrs. Louise Scherhey, Mrs. Mary Hart-Pattison and Mrs. Dora E. Phillips.

Some of these artists have appeared many times in public, but everybody on the programme sang with consummate ease and confidence.

Mrs. Scherhey, the amiable spouse of the concert-giver, was accorded an especially enthusiastic reception.

Miss Augusta Kahn, one of Maestro Paolo Gallico's talented piano proselytes, played four piano solos, with nice musical discrimination and neatly polished technic. She was received with flattering applause.

Mr. Scherhey can feel well satisfied with the result of this concert. It proved him one of our very best vocal pedagogues—if such proof were needed.

J. H. C.

GRAU AT WINDSOR.

On Wednesday evening, the Covent Garden Opera Company sang three acts of "Lohengrin" at Windsor, before the Queen and royal family. Those in the cast were: Jean de Reszke, Edouard de Reszke, David Bispham, Mme. Nordica and Mme. Schumann-Heink. Mancinelli conducted. Maurice Grau had the honor of being included in the Queen's dinner party. He made a contract yesterday with Anton Van Rooy for New York's next season. Neither Mottl nor Muck will sign with Grau, and it looks now as though Paur will be at the Metropolitan.

Quartet Success.—The New York String Quartet gave a remarkably successful concert at Farmington, Conn., on Wednesday evening. Mr. Sinsheimer, first violin, and Mr. Altschuler, cello, played solos, and were received with acclaim. Mr. Sinsheimer's pupils will give their annual concert in New York next week.

Ambitious Aronson.—Rudolph Aronson's new military march, entitled "The Hero's Return," dedicated to Admiral Dewey, is now in press and will be issued shortly. Mr. Aronson is busy arranging it for orchestra and military band. "The Rough Riders" and "For Love or War," two-steps, both composed by Mr. Aronson, were recently performed by the Grenadier Guards Band, London, and the Guard Republicaine Band, Paris.

Springfield Festival Finances.—The recent Springfield (Mass.) music festival closed accounts \$1,700 short. This was due largely to the falling off in the sale of season tickets, only 400 of which were disposed of. The orchestra cost \$400 less than last year, but the soloists a trifle more. Counting a standing debt of \$1,500 left over from previous festivals, the association is \$3,200 behind the game. Measures are to be taken to reduce this deficit by private subscription, and \$325 has been pledged as a starter.

Worcester Swedish Festival.—A Swedish musical festival is to be held in Worcester in June. There will be a chorus of 300 Swedish singers from the Eastern part of the United States and an orchestra of 38 or 40 pieces. Mrs. Ohestrom-Renard will be one of the soprano soloists, and Mrs. Lillian Hanson Gray another. Mr. Bergstrom, tenor, of New York, will also sing. Negotiations are now being made to secure the violinist, Miss Martina Johnson, who has only recently come to this country. Charles F. Hanson is writing several pieces for the festival.

Messalina in Opera.—Isidor de Lara's opera, "Messalina," made such an impression at Monte Carlo, with Tamagno and Heglon, that it has been discussed as a possible production at Covent Garden this year; but it has only been "discussed." It deals with one of the adventures of the Roman Empress, and is said to give greater promise of permanent duration than any of his previous operas. These include "Amy Robsart" and "Moïna," which were sung first at Monte Carlo. "Amy Robsart" was once sung in London, but the other operas have rarely been produced outside of Monaco. These works are due in New York about the year 2000.

Those Wonderful Russians.—"Mozart and Salieri" is the title of a singular production by Rimski-Korsakoff recently given at a private theatre in Moscow. The composer has taken Puschkin's dramatic poem on the subject, set it to music, and transferred the scenes to the stage without the changes necessary to make it serve as an operatic libretto. The poem is based on the rivalry between Mozart and his teacher, Salieri, which grew so intense that it was said Mozart came to his early death through poison administered by his rival. The composer retained somewhat the classical style of Mozart's music in treating the subject. Although the dramatic episodes, to which that style was not so well adapted, were presented with effectiveness in more modern fashion, an aria from "Don Giovanni" and part of the requiem were used.

A REAL PRESS AGENT'S STORY.

"Mlle. X., your soprano with the real blonde hair, is certainly a very beautiful woman," I happened to remark to one of the most able press agents in America's metropolis (where press agents abound), a few evenings ago, and he promptly agreed with me.

"And if I am rightly informed," I continued, "she is an equestrienne of considerable ability; loves horses, rides every morning, and all that sort of thing."

"That statement is quite correct, and I might add, she is one of the most charming women on earth," remarked the press agent, who, it might be told, had been retained as her purveyor of notoriety.

Then the press agent drifted off into a personal deep brown study.

He finally "returned to earth," as the saying goes, with the remark:

"I wonder if Mlle. X. has ever had any misunderstanding with her equine slaves? Seemingly not; but if the beast she rides every morning would only assert himself to an extent that would result in an ambulance call for my fair lady, it would make a jolly good story for the newspapers. Now, wouldn't it?"

I failed to see anything jolly about an ambulance call for Mlle. X.'s special benefit, and said so.

"Oh, I don't mean that I want her to suffer any injury," replied the press agent, somewhat indignantly, "why, I wouldn't even dream of Mlle. B.—, being run away with while perched on a dashing steed, for worlds. And so far as physical injury as a part of her lot, why—why, I'm ashamed of myself for even admitting such a thing to enter my kaleidoscopic train of thoughts. But—" and then he entered into another confidential argument with himself.

"But what?" I finally asked.

"If Mlle. X.'s horse could only become fictionally gay; Mlle. X. do an Ouida swoon; a big, handsome, mounted policeman who, per previous arrangement, might be accidentally near, rescue the lady, send for an ambulance, the surgeon of which would of course not be needed when he arrived, and then,—then, the policeman could make out his report of the affair, which would be promptly telephoned or telegraphed to Police Headquarters."

"Well, go on," I said.

"Well, when the report of any accident or casualty is received at Police Headquarters it is, according to the rules of the Police Department, posted on the press bulletin board, and all the reporters see it."

"Well?"

"Well, for instance, Mlle. X. thrown from her horse, or something like that, refused to go to hospital. Taken home in a carriage. That would be enough to send an army of reporters out after more details of the famous soprano's mishap."

"If you'll help me out, it means a big story," concluded the press agent, and I agreed to do my best.

A decidedly handsome mounted policeman was found who entered into the spirit of the affair, and after some persuasion Mlle. X. agreed to play her part.

"All you've got to do," said the press agent, "is to let your horse run as fast as he will. Hang on until you feel the policeman's stout right arm about you and then swoon, the best you know how."

The morning for the adventure arrived, and as per arrangement, Mlle. X.'s horse ran away and the handsome mounted policeman gave chase up the Southern Boulevard.

He reached the frantic steed with its precious burden just in time, and as a matter of fact Mlle. X. did swoon in earnest, when he placed his arm about her. The excitement was too much for her.

Tenderly she was carried to a convenient road house, and the ambulance was called as per arrangement.

"It is a masterpiece," remarked the press agent to me when the carriage had been ordered for Mlle. X., and we were in the act of hurrying down town, not caring to be seen in the neighborhood.

"Now, wouldn't it be best to tip the papers ourselves, over the telephone, with voices incognito?" suggested the press agent.

"No," I replied, "the policeman will make his report, that will reach the reporters, and there you are. News from natural sources is considered much more seriously in newspaper offices than chance tips."

He was satisfied.

But as it happened, the Sergeant on duty, when the mounted policeman in question made his report, was on the outs with the gallant officer, so rather than permit his enemy to pose as a hero in the eyes of the Police Commissioners and the public, he "forgot" to report the affair to Police Headquarters, and the reporters placed at that dreary old rendezvous never heard of the "narrow escape" the famous Mlle. X. had from death.

When nine o'clock arrived that evening and no reporters had been to call upon either Mlle. X., the press agent or the manager of the place of amusement in question, the press agent grew nervous and with the use of the telephone managed to get a few short stories in the daily papers, next morning. But the incident as far as printer's ink was concerned, closed right then and there, and the manager had a few words to say regarding the relative magnitude of the expenses and the results from a newspaper advertising standpoint.

A week later I saw Mlle. X., and while she admitted that the experience of being rescued by a big, handsome policeman was exciting, she thought it paid best for an opera singer in search of fame, to lose diamonds, or give odd dinners, when newspaper notices were in anticipation.

PETER QUINCE.

Sembrich to Return.—Word was received in New York Tuesday that Mme. Marcella Sembrich had signed a contract in London on Monday to return next season to this country with the Maurice Grau Opera Company. Mme. Sembrich has been engaged for sixty appearances. It was somewhat uncertain when she sailed away, three weeks ago, whether or not she would return next year.

THE CRITIC.

The Germans draw a just but facetious distinction between the educated musician and his feeble, incompetent imitator: the one they term "Musiker," the other "Musikant." We might feebly imitate this clever word-creation, calling one class of critics critics, the other "criticants."

One of the most serious disadvantages of the critic's calling is this very existence of the "criticant," who "rushes in where angels fear to tread," who eulogizes at so much a line, and damns without a vestige of remorse. What he condemns to-day, he upholds to-morrow; and his endless self-contradictions have a suspicious and unwholesome flavor. Year after year he stores his memory with useful adjectives and phrases, which he flings about with thoughtless prodigality. Alas! that his kind should exist.

The critic's path is not bestrewn with roses. Rosebuds, perhaps, with myriads of cruel thorns; but hardly roses of a sweet and tender growth. He is courted and feared, dined and maligned, flattered and—bespattered with the mud of creation.

Happily, the Bernsdorffian type has chosen not to emigrate to the United States. We have even been spared a learned, lion-maned, obstreperous Tappert. The men whose pens are watched with secret, but respectful fear are mostly men of busy lives and active thought. "Failures!" I hear you say—"dismal failures, every one of them."

Truly, a very sweeping verdict. But even were this verdict not illogical—granting that most critics have taken up the pen upon discovering that their best talents lay not in the direction of their earliest ambitions, but rather in a field of work not utterly divorced from their early love; conceding this, is it an unvirtuous decision to choose one's life-work in accordance with one's truest gifts? Had the critic done wisely or virtuously in remaining a "practising" musician after the discovery that his best talents consisted in instructing the untutored public rather than administering to its pleasures?

Surely ours would be a happier state of affairs had the vast number of men and women who, to-day, are stubbornly clinging to misguided musical convictions, re-chosen for themselves other pursuits and other activities. They, and the whole musical world, would have benefited by so wise a decision. The "Musiker" would know some joys unfelt, to-day; the "Musikant" would breathe his last amid general rejoicing.

The critic is such a widely abused and misinterpreted man; his duties are so little known, his motives so unappreciated; that an attempt to understand him better is an act of no greater justice than when we scrutinize other men and their work for the purpose of obtaining a more correct vision and a truer comprehension.

To begin with, the nineteenth century critic is not a morose, shriveled semblance of a human being, ready to snap and snarl at every new arrival in the field of art. Quite the contrary. I have the best of reasons for believing him to be a genial, well-intentioned, studious and capable fellow. During the active musical season, his duties are numerous and severe. He is no longer the under-salaried, trembling and servile hireling of a great newspaper magnate, such as, in former years, European critics were content with being and remaining. He has secured his berth after offering some evidence of worth, or because he seemed to be the right man for the right place. And once his work has established him in the good opinion of his employer, he is given considerable latitude, and vested with no feeble authority. He must assume the responsibility of his utterances; and this responsibility requires (1) that he have thorough knowledge of his subject; (2) that his information and reading be extensive; (3) that his judgment be just and his opinions conservative; and, lastly, that he be capable of expressing himself clearly, comprehensively, and even elegantly.

It would be folly to assert that these attributes characterize in a high degree the writings of all our recognized critics. In this, as in all other occupations of life, some men are more gifted than others. But even in this much-despised profession, aristocracy holds its place, though it may not prevail.

At the very beginning, we find conditions that do not tend to make the critic a sour, irascible and revengeful man, but rather conditions that are more likely to encourage him in just and kindly utterance in behalf of the struggling and inexperienced artist.

If the critic is not always placed between two fires, at least he is always in the unfortunate position of being regarded as a cruel marksman, whose manifest duty it is to somewhere hit the target which an artist necessarily makes of himself. Such belief is puerile and unfounded. That they often err, is human; but that they deliberately, wantonly abuse their trust, belying secret convictions in their written condemnations, I am unwilling to believe.

The critic's life is not one of unadulterated joy. If he be an honest, capable man, he soon discovers how many and various are the temptings to depart from his innermost convictions. And, doubtless, these temptations often appear in a form that is well nigh irresistible. Money is not always the allurement most difficult to resist or sweep aside. Personal and pathetic pleading may prove a stronger barrier to honest opinion than the most dazzling pecuniary bait; for the milk of human kindness is not curdled in the critic's veins; and the distress which his adverse expressions may occasion affords him no delight.

That needless apprehension of the critic's pen actually exists is unquestionable. For, after all, most people—even among the less cultured classes—are beginning to appreciate that the critique is but the publicly expressed opinion of one man—an opinion which, while it may truthfully reflect the thoughts and impressions of an individual, may not be shared by brother-critics or the intelligent audience.

When it is merely a question of pronouncing upon glaring errors or transparent crudities, unanimity between

all the critics may generally be expected. But where the subtleties of art are concerned, and even when niceties of technique are to be considered, this unanimity of opinion vanishes at once. Nor can this well be otherwise. The intellectual and emotional receptivities of every individual are peculiarly his own; and while, in a measure, they may resemble those of other human beings, they vibrate not with a common or general evenness, but vary greatly with temperament and even temporary conditions. We can not expect general agreement among the critics, even when knowledge and intelligence are distributed among them with approximate equality.

The artist's attitude towards his critic seems to be the result of a fallacious conception of a critic's duties, together with a rather hazy idea of the real need of a critic's existence. It is foolish to suppose that a daily newspaper spends several thousands of dollars every year merely to applaud or condemn a musical performance. It is equally foolish to imagine that the critic is engaged merely to gratify the editor's personal wish of advertising an artist's merits, or blighting his career because of his shortcomings. Yet the artist too often fancies that the tribute or censure which his performance arouses is intended as a personal matter—a public communication directed solely to him—a question with which the public at large has to do only incidentally. Whereas, the real fact of the matter is, were newspaper criticism intended to be a courteous doffing of the hat or a personal affront to the artist, critics would cease to have an occupation, and the newspapers would be the richer by a very considerable sum.

No, the critic is obviously engaged in the interests of the general reading public, not only to give the untutored masses information, but also to assist in the formulation of just opinions on questions which hitherto may not have received serious attention. It follows, then, that the critic's duty to every artist is only justice; but to the public his obligations are both numerous and important.

Just here, in what should be his allegiance to countless readers, the critic so often fails to attain the dignity of his office, comes perilously near destroying our conception of his mission, and creates a suspicion of the spirit which animates his writings. He, too, is apt to forget that criticism is, or should be, the art of furthering the interests of an art; and moved by the depression or exhilaration which a musical performance has wrought, he addresses himself too much to the artist, and is too often forgetful of his readers.

The critic is not born, but made. He arrives at a keen appreciation of good and bad only after wide experience, unwearied attention and ceaseless application. The ablest critic is not always the sincerest one; but the critic who sacrifices honor and integrity to lucre or some other form of shameful wage, should, once discovered, be ostracised, and the power he wields deprived him forever.

GEORGE LEHMANN.

Quo Vadis an Opera.—Leoncavallo is studying the novel, "Quo Vadis," with a view to transforming it into an operatic libretto, set to music, the entire work to be done by himself.

Mendelssohn in Japan.—The London "News" says: "Recently 'Elijah' has been performed at Yokohama, and the Japanese could not make head or tail of it, understanding nothing of the Old Testament legend, nor the music. The Japanese scale is different from ours, and the melodies of Mendelssohn doubtless seemed to them strange cacophony."

Ann Arbor Festival.—In spite of Sembrich's absence from the recent Festival at Ann Arbor, Mich., it proved a great success, financially and artistically. The soloists were Mme. Brema, Signor Campanari, Mr. Evan Williams, Mme. Josephine Jacoby, Miss Sara Anderson, Miss Elsa von Grave, Miss Anna Lohbiller, Miss Blanche Towle, Mr. Clarence Shirley, Mr. George Hamlin, Mr. Myron W. Whitney, Jr., and Mr. Gwyllim Miles. The conductors were Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, orchestra, and Mr. Hermann A. Zeitz, chorus.

Faelten School.—The 1899-1900 prospectus of the Faelten Pianoforte School, Boston, Mass., is a handsomely gotten up brochure, which pleases the eye at first sight. Registration for the third season of the school opens Thursday, September 7. School begins Monday, September 11, 1899, and closes Saturday, June 16, 1900. The faculty of the school is composed of Carl Faelten, director; George A. Burdett, Reinhold Faelten, Mrs. Reinhold Faelten (Marie Dewing), Forrest J. Cressman, Miss Mabel A. French, George Folsom Granberry, William Dietrich Strong; H. F. Spurr, Jr., business manager.

Weingartner's Conducting.—M. Kufferath, in "La Guide Musicale," gives an account of Felix Weingartner's reading of the Beethoven fifth symphony, when he conducted the Brussels Symphony Society, recently. He says: "After the closing chords the celebrated master was recalled not less than four times, and the hall resounded with a veritable ovation. The reason was that he gave an extraordinary intensity of life in rhythm and expression to the ensemble of this unique work, so powerful and so moving, tumultuous and serene, tormented, passionate, violent, tender, resigned, exulting, in turn, marvelously varied in tones and accents, and nevertheless incomparably one in spirit and sentiment."

Versatile Richter.—Of Hans Richter's musical versatility, his former schoolfellow, Franz Fridberg, wrote recently in the Berlin "Tageblatt": "Was there no trombonist, Richter laid down his horn and seized the trombone; next time it would be the oboe, the bassoon, or the trumpet, and then he would pop up among the violins. I saw him once manipulating the contrabass, and on the kettledrums he was unsurpassed. When we—the Conservatory Orchestra—under Hellmesberger's leading, once performed a mass in the Church of the Invalides, Richter sang. How he did sing! At times he helped out the bassi in difficult passages, at others the tenors, and I believe he even sang with the soprano. I learned to know him on that day, moreover, as an excellent organist. It excited uncommon merriment among us fellow-performers when he stood there, and, with an important look, sent out over the whole orchestra and chorus his 'Crucifixus' into the body of the church."

MUSICAL SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17, 1899.

Although Paloma Schramm hardly excited the degree of interest in New York accorded her here, I prefer to believe it owing to a mistaken point of view. She should not have been criticised from a technical standpoint or from that of a virtuoso, but, rather, as a young child superbly endowed with musical instincts and susceptibilities.

As I first knew her—and I knew her very well, indeed, at her home and my own, as well as upon the concert platform—I found her almost effulgent with the poetry of her art. She seemed to possess a "divine afflatus," to be inspired from some higher source, and it was impossible to listen to her playing unmoved—often to tears. On this account, the immature performance of the pretty child was far more affecting and satisfactory than the highest flights of virtuosity. As she cannot remain a precocious child, but in due time must compete with mature players, my point of view will be no longer possible—more's the pity, for the child Paloma was one of my most delightful musical experiences.

Another Californian has come to the front lately as a very promising pianist. Master Irwin Eveleth Hassell, now about seventeen years old, has been studying for several years systematically, and has made such good progress that his parents are soon to send him to Berlin to work in the "atmospheric" stimulus of that blessed environment.

Well, young Hassell is a serious, gentle little fellow now, and I hope he will continue to be so, despite the fascinations of pretzels and beer, which abound in European student life, and sometimes detract from the best results.

Sauer and Rosenthal heard him play, and recommended his translation to a German sphere of study. Hassell has one essential element of success, a talent for hard work and tenacious application. He will go over to Berlin next month and remain four years.

He is to have a farewell recital at Sherman-Clay Hall, May 25, when he will play a formidable programme of classics.

The Southwell Opera Company have made another irresistible attack upon popular approval by a splendid double bill, "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," both of which old favorites are given a most satisfactory production. The papers are unanimous in highest commendation. The Southwells have caught on, and the great Auditorium no longer looks at all vacant. Everybody has at length discovered how very good the company is.

The Tivoli, despite the very strong rivalry in its long-monopolized field now offered by the Southwells, goes bravely along in its good work.

This week "Orpheus and Eurydice," splendidly produced, shows us and our children what we used to rave over in the early days of comic opera. It was not half bad, either, though it is a trifle passé. The Tivoli soon returns to date, though, with De Koven's "Mandarin."

Mr. Henry Holmes, the violinist, united forces with Prof. Edwin Markham, who recently gained much local celebrity by poetizing about a "Man With the Hoe," and gave a musicale at Century Hall the other night, when the poesy of music was rivaled by the music of poesy to universal gratification.

H. M. BOSWORTH.

De Koven's Works in London.—A joint stock company has been formed for the production in London of some of the successful operas of Reginald de Koven. A start will be made in the Autumn.

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THE FORMATION OF MUSICAL TASTE.

Taste has no vocabulary the retention of whose words depends upon patience and memory. Taste is a subtle quality. It grows and expands, year after year. It is fed by thought, observation and experience. To date its birth, or offer unassailable evidence of the exact causes that have led to its possession, would prove a hopeless task. It trembles and vibrates, advances and gains strength, in the midst of innumerable impressions and teachings; and finally stands boldly alone, a beautiful quality whose existence cannot be traced to a day or a year, but whose parentage may be recognized in those primal efforts which have gently guided the mind into a channel of pure and crystal thought.

In order to understand how it is possible to assist the already developed mind in the acquirement of musical taste, we must first understand how, and by means of what educational process in childhood, taste unconsciously links itself with knowledge and ability.

Unfortunately, the usual methods chosen to induce a child to think seriously on art matters are calculated to foster childish opposition, or to yield no other result than an attitude of defiance. Parental anxiety, instead of accomplishing good, too often is the very rock on which is destroyed the child's inclination to be studious. Every day such a child looks sullenly forward to the hour appointed for music study; and in its little mind that period is firmly established as an hour of drudgery—an hour of undeserved punishment.

Children should be made to understand that one of the highest aims of art is pleasure. Where this is done, protestation quickly vanishes. Almost any occupation presented to a child in the light of enjoyment acquires irresistible attraction. Tom Sawyer knew what he was about when he glowingly depicted the delights of whitewashing a fence!

Where no love for the art exists, it certainly is either very difficult or altogether impossible to form musical taste. But in the very young child even a genuine musical tendency is not always appreciable. If the musical sense exists, in however feeble a degree, the influence of much good music will soon impel it to the surface of the child's nature.

"Let the child have plenty of fresh air!" is the physician's cry when he feels the sluggish pulse and notes the pale and haggard face. I say, let the child have plenty of fresh musical air if you wish to beautify its musical taste. No music can be too classical, no composition too philosophical to serve as musical food for the child on whom Nature has bestowed a gift for the art. Even as, by reason of its impressionableness, a child passes quickly from one language to another, learning to speak each new one with astonishing rapidity and intelligence, so can its elastic mind quickly adapt itself to any form of musical language.

I should fill a child's earlier life with Mozart's music, till every trill and graceful thought is stamped upon the heart and mind forever. With that musical Virgil as a guide, no child's taste could easily be led astray.

But of all forms of musical expression which exercise a healthful influence on a child, the string quartet may be accepted as the purest as well as the most powerful. Both in the creation and performance of the string quartet, it is impossible to practise deception. There, no jingle of orchestral sounds can mislead the critical sense or the understanding. The very combination of instruments precludes the possibility of such complications as naturally arise in orchestral works. Every flaw is easily detected, each individual part quickly appreciated.

These are by no means, however, the most important recommendations of the string quartet. Its intrinsic value lies rather in its purity of form and nobility of character. Even in "Papa" Haydn's quartets, where form was not

developed to the breadth and masterliness attained by Mozart, and which, by comparison with the grandeur and rugged nobility of the later achievements of Beethoven, dwindle into something almost puerile—even in those earlier tone productions we find abundantly rich evidence of their value in the cultivation of a sensitive musical organization.

The orchestra is certainly next in importance as an educator of taste. Too frequently it happens that children are given no opportunity of hearing orchestral music, on the ground that it is beyond their understanding. This very argument might as reasonably be applied to grown people; yet there are few who would not consider such application absurd. Children have a habit of thinking; and no suppositions to the contrary can alter the actual fact. When a child sees or hears what it does not comprehend, no power on earth can deter it from asking questions. This habit of interrogating is the child's natural process of obtaining truth and information.

There is pleasure and variety for a child in the assemblage of a large body of musicians, each one performing his separate duties, and producing musical effects which a mere infant can recognize as differing in some fashion from the results of his neighbor's efforts. No one will doubt that such recognition excites inquiry. But let unbelievers make the experiment of taking a little chatter-box to a symphony concert. They, themselves, may not enjoy the concert; but I will vouch for it that before the performance is ended the child will have acquired some knowledge of the music and the orchestra.

In America, more than in Europe, Bach's music is erroneously regarded as something to be reserved for maturer years. It is not necessary that a child should understand the dignified architecture of a Bach composition; nor is it probable that children, barring a few phenomenally gifted ones, can follow with interest and intelligence polyphonic masterpieces that tower in the world of lofty musical creations. How many adults enjoy any but the very simplest of Bach's music? Even musically educated people are too often inclined to avoid Bach, laboring under the impression that the old giant wrote many difficult note combinations, but very little melody.

Let a child be educated in a Bach atmosphere, and it will soon learn to love and understand the father of architectural music. Of its own accord, it will set aside Bach's musical religion as something not to be approached without reverence and respect. Knowledge can come only with experience, years of application and earnest thought. But if love and respect for the old master are sown in the child's mind, understanding of his works will come with riper years and maturer intelligence.

When it becomes a question of forming the taste of a person already advanced in years, the difficulty is a more serious one, and often impossible of accomplishment. In music it is much the same as in other matters. If a positive taste has been formed, it may resist every experiment and remain what it is. But most cases are not quite hopeless. One of the most serious obstacles confronting the adult is a mental condition which Time has wrought—that stubbornness which appears when youthful elasticity no longer exists.

When childhood is past, unconscious development of taste is impossible. No longer is it a quality gathering strength and character from many sources without apparent method and effort. Its limitations are easily determined; and what it is to-day or will be to-morrow can be measured with considerable accuracy. There seems to be but one rational course to pursue.

One should become acquainted with the arts in general, with literature, and with everything which may be accepted as being good and beautiful. Not with the purpose of acquiring sufficient knowledge to talk on these subjects with a fair degree of intelligence; but with the

settled determination to absorb them so thoroughly that their spirit and character will sink deeply into one's nature. In such wise, at least, the true beginning is made.

One should remember how a child's taste is formed, how many influences there are at work to finally settle the question of its taste. One should construct a work-house, as it were, which shall closely resemble the child's earlier one, and in which, by dint of zeal, hard work and tenacity, it may be possible to gather those fruits of learning which blossomed for the child ere it could realize that aught had been accomplished. GEORGE LEHMANN.

HERBERT'S NEW OPERA.

Here are some interesting details, taken from the Utica "Herald" of May 15, about Victor Herbert's latest opera, "The Ameer of Afghanistan," to be produced next Fall by Frank Daniels:

Victor Herbert and Kirk La Shelle, the composer and librettist, respectively, of "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye," which have been presented this season by Frank Daniels and his company, were in this city recently acquainting Mr. Daniels and his associates with the score and lines of the opera, "The Ameer of Afghanistan," music by Mr. Herbert and book by Mr. La Shelle and Fred W. Ronken. "The Ameer of Afghanistan" will open next season in some New England town, then go West as far as Chicago, including a stop in Utica, and then go to Wallack's theatre in New York for an indefinite period. Mr. Daniels will be cast in the leading rôle, and with him will be associated Helen Redmond, Norma Kopp, Miss Vart, Mr. Danforth and W. F. Rochester of the Alice Nielsen opera company, who will take Alf Whelan's place as second comedian to Mr. Daniels. Mr. Whelan is a clever comedian, but the exigencies of the new opera demand a singer as well as a comedian.

"The Ameer of Afghanistan" will afford abundant opportunity for Mr. Daniels to display his ability. The ruling monarch of Afghanistan is a character in contradistinction to those assumed by Mr. Daniels in "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Idol's Eye." In these two operas Mr. Daniels just drops in on the scene. In the latter he comes on to the stage in a balloon as Abel Conn, a balloonist, who has landed in an oriental country after visiting the moon. As the "Ameer" he is under the control of some dominant, faraway ministry, and troubles beset him on every hand. To facilitate some of his private enterprises he goes into the pilfering line on an extensive scale, and more trouble arises. This part is well suited to Mr. Daniels. Miss Kopp, who is an exceedingly graceful and vivacious young lady on the stage, will be cast in a juvenile part similar to the character she had in "Wang." Miss Redmond will be cast in the leading woman's part. The cast will be larger than in either of the two operas which Mr. Daniels has been presenting this season, and the present chorus will be augmented by fifteen to twenty voices. Several other good people will be engaged.

The book of the new opera is said to be clever and sprightly, while Mr. Herbert's name in connection with the score is evidence that the music will be good.

Thrane's Artists.—Manager Victor Thrane's artistic forces for next season include these persons: Petschnikoff, the great Russian violinist; Mark Hambourg, the famous Russian pianist; Elsa Ruegger, the gifted 'cellist; Leonora Jackson, the famous American violinist, fresh from European triumphs; Frances Saville, prima donna soprano, and Martinus Sieveking, the great Dutch pianist.

Vogl's Opera.—Heinrich Vogl's opera, "Der Fremdling," seems to have won more than a succès d'estime when it had its first performance in Munich. Vogl is tremendously popular in that city, which may account for the great demonstration made after the performance. Thousands of persons accompanied him from the opera house to his home, nor would they allow him to rest until he had appeared on the balcony and made a speech.

Fin de Siècle Music.—An interesting item concerning the London opera season is that, "for the first time in the history of the opera, the works of Wagner, Mozart and the high priests of music will be heard through the electrophone, that ingenious instrument which enables those who subscribe to it to be present at any theatre in defiance of distance, without moving from home. Though the electrophone has now been established in England many years, the consent of those who controlled Covent Garden has never before this been obtained to permit the electrophone to be connected with the opera house."